

OTTAWA: WHAT JOE CLARK REALLY WANTS

# Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmag

inc 18, 2001

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**SELLING SUDS**

The Patriot Game

**FATHER'S DAY**

Why Dads Matter

**A POLISH PRINCE HAD HER.  
THE NAZIS STOLE HER.  
A MINING MILLIONAIRE  
BROUGHT HER  
TO CANADA**

# Tainted Lady

**NOW, THE NATIONAL  
GALLERY IS DEBATING  
WHETHER TO SEND  
HER HOME**

**BY JOHN GEDDES**

Albrecht Dürer's  
*Nude Woman with a Staff*

\$4.50





**TOSHIBA**  
THE NOTEBOOK OF CHOICE

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**Macleans**  
CANADA'S WEEKLY  
MAGAZINE

- 2 Editorial
- 4 Letters
- 8 Overture/Passages
- 14 The Week that Was
- 18 Canada
- 22 Canada and the World
- 26 World
  - Nepal: struggles to come to terms with the measure of its royalty.
- 28 People
  - Tech Explorer
  - Building better artificial lores
- 30 Business
- 34 Life
  - Health
  - Fructose: psychology is all about preventing depression.
- 38 Cover
- 48 Films
  - Critics, composers and computers: gamened critics in *Evolution* test other movies over the screen.
- 50 Books
  - A new Canadian poetry prize hopes to reverse the fortunes of verse.
- 52 Entertainment Notice
  - The *Roll-Money* is a literary must-read.

16 Barbara Amiel  
33 Mary Jaigan  
46 James Deacon  
56 Alben Fotheringham

Course photo: smoking, Montreal, history of Canada.

[illegible]

### 38 TAINTED LADY

Should Albrecht Dürer's much-travelled *Radio Woman* with a Staff go back to Poland? The National Gallery of Canada is debating that question next week—one of several museums wrestling with mounting pressure to return looted art, much of it stolen by the Nazis during the Second World War.



## 22 MISSION: SYRIY

For almost three decades, Canada's Judy Feld Carr worked to rescue Jews from a restrictive and dangerous country. "It became part of who I was," she now says.



### 30 PATRIOTIC BEER

Heady with the success of the famed Runt commercial, Mobson is gambling big that it will score with a new ad filled with heart-ragging Canadians—and a song they call the Anthem.



### 18 CLARK'S PLAN

The Tory leader says no merger with Stockwell Day's Alliance, at least not yet. Instead, Joe Clark has his eye on an office he once briefly occupied—that of the prime minister.



# From the Editor



## Racing ahead, Quebec-style

Given Quebecers' fondness for high-speed driving, it wasn't that surprising to turn onto Montreal's Crescent Street last week and find it teeming with Ferraris, Porsches and grinning pointed Formula One race cars. In fact, that sight seemed an acknowledgement that the city is accepting the inevitable and turning its street into a full-time racetrack: after all, the cars were part of the promotional run-up to last weekend's Montreal Grand Prix.

Verdict: into Montreal between now and the end of August and there will most likely be an event of some sort unfolding, such as the Grand Prix, fireworks displays, or the annual jazz and comedy fests. In some years gone by, those celebrations have had an air of artificial gaiety, set amidst economic troubles and bickering over language and constitutional issues. But these days, there's no need for fake cheer: the economy is strong, and most prices are climbing, and—by no coincidence at all—there has been actual peace on the linguistic and sovereignty fronts for several years.

The rhetoric surrounding Quebec's societal differences has always been worse than the reality. The 1980 and 1995 referendums, for all their passion, produced no dramatic instances of violence. And while language cops—the so-called *corriges* *mopres*—have provided fodder for the English language media for years, most people get along at street level just fine, thanks. Those same Quebec Anglos who bemoan their lot to each other often morph into staunch defenders of their province when outsiders make the same complaints.

Now, even language hawks are deciding there's something to be said for peace. Last week, a provincial commission released a preliminary report on the state of French in Quebec that is, given the biases of its members, surprising. When longtime sovereigntist Gérard Larocq was appointed com-

mission head, he was expected to recommend more French-only policies—and signal a return to language wars. Instead, amidst some predictable rhetoric—including calls for Quebec "citizenship" and attacks on the federal government—the commission demonstrated new openness in some areas. One is the assertion that bilingual English Quebecers, who could go elsewhere but choose to stay and work in French in Quebec, are among the province's best ambassadors. Well, yes—when they feel truly welcome, so is more the case now than in the past (and now that those Anglos are bilingual that is the past).

Another encouraging sign came, ironically, after a linguistic spat. Last week, Quebec-born state racer Jacques Villeneuve opened a new bar on Crescent Street called "New-cove"—his nickname on the race circuit, based on a rough anglicization of his last name. At a news conference, Villeneuve faced hostile queries about the choice. He told his questioners, in effect, to get a life, and pointed to his experience in Europe, where it's common to mix in expatriates from several languages. At a different time, that exchange might have provoked a fireworks incident; the story was a one-day wonder, soon lost amid the roar of those Formula One engines. Sure, Quebecers like to drive fast—and, these days, to drive on, away from old fights and digests.

Andy Van Allen

responsibilities as he contented on from the Editor

## NEWSROOM NOTES

### Hockey and beer

Melrose Life Editor James Deacon knows how to live, journalistically speaking. For this week's issue, he wrote about one great Canadian tradition, beer, and the making of a patriotic new installment in Molson Inc.'s hugely successful "I Am Canadian" advertising campaign. Then, Deacon dined at another bar, that

of sports editor, to report on another hallowed tradition—hockey, and the Stanley Cup final that concluded on Saturday night.

Two seemingly disparate scenes, but Deacon says connections abounded. Molson still owns part of the Montreal Canadiens, hockey's most successful franchise, and part of his reporting took place in offices filled with Habs memorabilia. And for a slightly



The busy Deacon

older generation—parent but pre-Gen X—the game has certainly been connected to patriotism. Witness the 1972 Summit Series between Canada and the Soviet Union, Deacon says—one of the great wildernesses featured in the Molson campaign is to be avoided that week. "While talking about beer and hockey," Deacon says of his mood. "What's more Canadian than that?"



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# Overture

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Edited by Sharda Desai with Amy Connors

## MILKING OUR INMATES

How do the cows, goats and Canada are doing the town—and a nation. The *Carleton Place* of Canada is now a focus for giving back to the community. Here are what some affiliates are doing for the greater good.

- **Now Institution for Women, Trent, N.S.** (medium security) prisoners train dogs as assistants for the physically and morally challenged, as well as companion dogs for the elderly.
- **Atlantic Institution, Banan, N.B.** (maximum security) prisoners run a 35-table fish hatchery to help restock the Miramichi River.
- **St-Amand-Plains Institution, Que.** (medium security) inmates paint, do carpentry and other maintenance work at a summer camp for underprivileged families.
- **Provencher Institution, Kingston, Ont.** (medium security) surplus

milk from the prison dairy is donated to charities in the area.

- **Edmonton Institution, Alta.** (maximum security) prisoners manufacture park benches and picnic tables that are then given to local charities.
- **Dumbell Institution, Alta.** (maximum security) inmates make wooden toys for non-for-profit programs.
- **Mission Institution, B.C.** (medium security) prisoners repair and repaint bicycles for low-income families.
- **Mosman Institution, Agassiz, B.C.** (medium security) prisoners repair wheelchairs for the disabled and the elderly.



Illustration by [unreadable]

## Over and Under Achievers

### Mind your p's and q's

Campbell, off in a fast start! Harris, now comes the hard part! And a wannabe MP the PM says is not so smart.

- **Steven Campbell:** B.C.'s new premier makes good on his pledge—25 per cent cut, on average—on his very first day in office.
- **Mike Harris:** Called to testify before the Wolcottman water inquiry. Ontario's premier will need all his political skills on this one.
- **Bernard Landry:** No election this fall, says Quebec's premier, as his PQ clings to power on the strength of second Lucien Bouchard's 1998 victory.
- **Rob Andros:** Opposes honorary Canadian citizenship for Nelson Mandela. Criticism on the Alliance MP: "He's stupid."
- **David Robinson:** Backs scheme to dissolve NDR create new party. Guess he's impressed with how that approach worked for Reform.
- **Lucan Ager:** Can West Global acron upholds family loyalty on Winnipeg, announcing new digital TV centre for the overlooked Prairie city.



Illustration by [unreadable]

## SOMETIMES BEING HIP IS SOOOO BORING

Being it on the Internet, in the hippest, lower-end world of the Web, Calgary's new online newspaper, makes perfect sense. According to its proponents, the new/hip—which they could adopt edited week by a narrow 5-5 vote—is the best way to give the city's various departments a megaphone. Supporting councillors said it's no way meant to slight the

99 year-old City of Calgary official crest, which will still be used for official functions.

The majority on council were also swayed by city administration arguments that calgarycity could easily be replaced to its Internet address for a mere \$125, while other possible

sites would cost up to \$1 million to rent from their private owners. (Web experts later cast doubt on these claims, noting that other municipalities address the calgarycity should soon be readily available to the city).

That debate aside, detractors agree that, for people who don't yet talk in Web speak, the logo is

an unexplained abstrusity. They also question why the city spent \$40,000 on these groups, public opinion canvassing and much deep thinking only to come up with such a simple design. "People are really upset," says Alderman John Stetsko, who intends to present a motion to the council this week to reconsider its support for calgarycity. "We haven't heard the last of this."

Brian Bergman

What Battery?

What will you do with your battery now that your watch doesn't need one? The Citizen Eco-Drive Perpetual Calendar light recharges it. Any light. Every light. It's that simple. This great looking, Technologically advanced, Classically designed AND IT NEVER NEEDS A BATTERY.



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## SEA-DOOS & DON'TS



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Richard Ebers, of the Canadian Coalition of Corporate Associations and a PWC opponent: "I don't see PWC-plus people on there."

Merry PWC opponents agree this is a case of greed. "To get out and go to do with mine," says Dan Bednarsh of the Capitol Hill Jet Set Club in Ottawa. "These older folks are something new and they just don't like it. But you've got a bunch of 16-year-olds having a good time—so what's the problem?" With almost 7,000 new PWCs sold yearly in Canada, those who want to haul the vintage cars have given their wheels away for free.

**John DeMeo**

## OVER THE SHOULDER

Maximilian's asked some of this year's winners of Future recipients what they're reading.

**Leslie Nielsen**, comedian: "The book I'm reading right now is called *Your Ultimate Brain* written by Jean Carper. Nobody knows anything about nutrition, especially the doctors. At my age, at Carper's admonitions, I am taking vitamins supplements and I find that all of these things that I do make a difference."



Plum and  
Tennis  
with the  
wife

Veronica Tennant, former prize adjudicator with the National Society of Canada:

"I just finished and I missed Margaret Atwood's intent back, *The Blind Assassin*. I was mesmerized by it. I was just enthralled by her ability to take a character and possess that character and possess you as a reader. It was an experience that I didn't want to let go. I couldn't put it down but I didn't want to let it go."

Karl Brenning, figure skater  
"I'm reading the Harry Potter books [by J. K. Rowling] right now. They are so fun. My wife is reading them as well and she is whipping through them one a day. They're caught on because they're a simple escape. I love that stuff. I forget to grow up so I love it."

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 Springer

**ABSTRACT**

**Business Center**

**QUESTIONS**



**LIFE IS SUCH A RING**

During anachronism and sporting mass there is little doubt that the Toronto Drug Kings are not in full force—the centre of attention will have they go. Currently the subject of two photography shows—one in San Francisco and one in Toronto—the group is not only preparing for its performance during the Love 2001 (vide Toronto festivities), but is also a mainstay for drug king shows, conferences and charity fund-raising across North America.

It's a gay thing—Bob (Dink) Aarons, Michele (Patti) Tolbert, Dave (Robert) Smith, and Nancy (Cheryl) & Bob (Campbell) Smith



## Mom's 'fine, just fine'

Whenever anyone inquired after my mother's health, the answer was always the same: "Fine, just fine." Mom was what we fondly refer to as a "Depression baby." As one of nine children in a family living on welfare, Mom learned to cherish her good health. Thus, "fine, just fine" was stated proudly, with dignity and maybe even a little defiance. Despite a diet lacking in proper nourishment and clothing that barely stood up to being written, Mom had survived. She was "fine, just fine," thank you.

In 1992, when my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer, her response was pretty much as expected. With little to do about the matter, she unreservedly should be heading over to the hospital for her biopsy. A simple operation, to be followed with radiation. No need to visit.

Mom's determination convinced everyone. Here was the only message anyone wanted to hear—that all would be "fine, just fine," as it always had been. And sure enough, only days after her surgery, she was up and about, her energetic self, even in the face of this most frightening disease.

Mom took on cancer, and the won. And she was gracious in her victory. She never alluded to the fear that must have overwhelmed her, and rarely complained about the uncomfortable side-effects of therapies, the anti-cancer drug she was to take for the remainder of her life. To believe that the disease might have reached her in any way was to concede defeat.

It was 4 1/2 years later when Mom casually pointed to a bruise on her right arm that wouldn't go away. No alarm bells sounded, disdaining the return of the dreaded C-word. Even as casually suggested the revision it is at her next doctor's appointment, all the while thinking it had something to do with the natural aging process. Slow to heal, all that.

Her doctor saw little reason for concern. He told her not to worry. Unfortunately, the specialist whom she regularly visited didn't agree with that optimistic diagnosis. Mom's cancer had reappeared in her lymph nodes, and her liver.

And so, on a brilliant April day in 1998, the immediate fam-

ily arrived at the hospital. Each of us knew that Mom's cancer had travelled, like a spreading stain throughout her entire body. Each of us knew that Mom's time with us was probably limited to a few days, a week at most. And each of us knew how important it was that we find her a bed in the palliative-care unit, where no invasive measures would be taken to prolong her needless suffering.

But within the family was an unspoken pact: Mom, who had banded her way to this point, would be "fine, just fine." Even when she could no longer speak to us, this is the message she sent with her determined gaze, while lying helplessly on a gurney for seven long hours before a bed could be found for her.

Denial, we are told, is a pernicious thing. Yet it is this very denial of ill health that my mother trusted on and needed to die with dignity. If given the choice, Mom's last words to us all might have been "fine, just fine." So we gathered around her gurney, chatting and feigning a warm blanket or anything else that offered us the illusion we were providing her with some much-needed physical comfort.

And then the spell was broken. In stride the medical professional whose signature was needed to move Mom a bed. Addressing the family that administered

to his would require patients' acknowledgment of their imminent death, he proceeded to list one by one the organs within her body that had been invaded by her cancer. It had firm penetration in the breast, then spread to the lymph system, liver, lung and, finally, the bones. My mother's body was laid bare, exposed to everyone in the room.

My mother didn't expect at that very moment, but something inside all of us sorely did. Mom's right to die a dignified death was taken from her—found to be less important than hospital policy. There isn't a doubt in my mind that the disease sincerely believed his way was the right one. But I know as surely that it wasn't for my mother. It wasn't for my family. Is it really possible to conceive of a blanket policy that takes into account the needs of all dying patients and their families, without accounting for individual differences I think not.



Denial of ill health is what my mother needed to die with dignity



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## Overture

## PASSAGES

**Died:** Charles Templeton was a young sports cartoonist for *The Globe and Mail* when he found God. Quitting the newspaper in 1936, Templeton converted to the Church of Nazarene, beginning a career of evangelism that would last for more than 20 years. A close friend of American evangelist Billy Graham, Templeton—who had failed Grade 10 at his Toronto high school—studied theology at Princeton University, becoming an ordained Presbyterian minister in 1951. He rose to be the director of evangelism for the American Presbyterian Church—then dramatically announced his faith in 1957. By the time he was 75, Templeton had been managing editor of the *Toronto Star*, lost an Ontario Liberal leadership campaign, hosted several radio shows, served as editor of *Macleod* for seven months, married three times and written 11 books. Templeton, 85, died after suffering from Alzheimer's disease.

**Removed:** Though Richard Thérien was pardoned for his role in hiding four members of the Front de libération du Québec in 1971, the Supreme Court of Canada approved the 49-year-old's removal from the Québec court bench because he did not include the FLQ conviction on his 1996 judge application. Thérien was a 19-year-old law student in Montreal when he was sentenced to a year in jail for harbouring the terrorists who murdered Québec cabinet minister Pierre Laporte. Pardoned in 1987, Thérien ended several times on becoming a judge before finally settling any reference to the FLQ.

**Died:** Inagene Coca made her stage debut in a dinner at the age of 9. Born in Philadelphia, Coca was brought up by her vaudeville dance mother and orchestra conductor father. Co-starring on *Star Spangled Show* in the 1950s with Sid Caesar, she won a best actress Emmy in 1951. Coca, 93, died at her home in Westport, Conn.

**Died:** After his title role in the 1964 film *Zorba the Greek*, Anthony Quinn was given honorary Greek citizenship. This he so Greece continued during his long Hollywood career, playing Aristotle Onassis in *The Greek Tycoon*, as well as a Greek resistance fighter in *The Guns of Navarone*. The Mexican-born actor won two Academy Awards and was the father of 13 children. Quinn, 86, died of respiratory failure in a Boston hospital.

**Awarded:** The CARE International Humanitarian Award was given to former foreign affairs minister Lloyd Axworthy for his leadership in the effort to eliminate land mines and focus on the effects of war on children. CARE, an Atlanta-based nonprofit aid organization, established the award in 1993.

**Died:** At 17, Sofie Maslavin was one of Canada's top cross-country skiers. In February, the Sudbury, Ont., native placed 28th in the women's 15-km event at the world junior championships in Poland—the best finish for a North American skiers. Maslavin was also the top-ranked junior woman in Canada. She was cycling on a highway in Sudbury when she swerved into a passing tractor-trailer while changing lanes. Maslavin suffered serious head injuries and died in hospital.

**Hosted:** Though he was recently called to the Québec bar, Ben Mulroney is making law in favour of moving to Toronto to host the show *The Charlatan* on CTV's digital channel, TalkTV. Mulroney, 25, is the eldest son of former prime minister Brian Mulroney and will be one of five hosts on the flagship TalkTV program.

**Resigned:** Progressive Conservative party president Jacques Lévesque handed in his resignation to the Tory management committee. Some party insiders suggested that Lévesque's decision is due in part to Joe Clark's leadership style, but the Montreal lawyer said simply that he wanted to "be relieved of some of my responsibilities." Lévesque, the second party president to resign this year—the first was Toronto lawyer Peter Vix-Louis—will continue to sit on the party's management committee.

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## NO TO MCVEIGH

A U.S. federal judge rejected the appeal by Timothy McVeigh's lawyers to stay the Oklahoma City bomber's scheduled June 11 execution. Judge Richard Marsh ruled that the more than 4,000 pages of documents the FBI had failed to turn over to McVeigh's lawyers at the time of the 1997 trial did not mitigate McVeigh's guilt in the April 19, 1995, explosion at the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building that killed 168 people. By week's end, McVeigh had abandoned efforts to save off execution.

## An 'appalling' move

It's one way to make a name for yourself: Canadian Alliance MP Bob Anderson blocked a bill in the House of Commons to confer honorary citizenship on Nelson Mandela. Presumably, his radio talk show boasted with optimism about

his action. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien called him "scupid," while former prime minister Brian Mulroney said Anderson's move was "appalling." Anderson stuck to his guns, claiming that the South African icon had advocated vigilante street killings and maintaining the former president would not be considered a hero in 30 years. Betwixt, anyone?

## The heat is on Bush

A report from the U.S. National Academy of Sciences to President George W. Bush and global warming is a real problem—and is getting worse. The administration sided for the report in May after Bush earlier rejected the Kyoto Protocol, the international global-warming pact negotiated in 1997 that called for mandatory caps on each industrialized nation's emissions of greenhouse gases. That move outraged European leaders, who will be meeting Bush this week at

the European Union summit in Göteborg, Sweden. Obama says the newly delivered report puts further pressure on the President to come up with an alternative global-warming strategy.

## Harris to testify

Ontario Premier Mike Harris will have to testify at the inquiry into the record-setting scandal in Wilkinson, Ont., earlier last this month or early next month. Justice Dennis O'Connor, head of the inquiry, said he wants the premier to talk about how the government's minority budget and whether they could have contributed to the tragedy that saw seven people die and more than 3,300 others get sick because of contamination of the north water supply by a deadly form of *E. coli* bacteria.

## School massacre

Japan was in shock after a knife-wielding man killed eight children at an elemen-

## BLAIR WINS BIG

It wasn't even close: After a month-long election campaign that saw one cabinet minister come to blows with a critic on the campaign trail, Tony Blair's Labour Party scored a victory, capturing 414 of the 650 seats in the British House of Commons. For Blair, whose cabinet policies have battered his party from its more activist, leftist roots, it was a resounding triumph. For William Hague, leader of the now-jeweled Tory party that thrived under last Lady Margaret Thatcher, it was just as resounding a defeat.

The landslide victory cemented Blair's position as the most successful leader in the party's



Happy at home and at work

150-year history, making him the first British prime minister to secure a second consecutive term. Yet Blair's win was clouded by voter apathy. Turnout, the lowest since 1918, was about 60 per cent, which meant nearly 16 million of 45 million eligible voters stayed home.

Blair, who resigned as *Mr. Mayor* in the wake of his loss, played much of his successful campaign on opposition to replacing the euro, the European common currency. Blair said he will hold a referendum in the house after a vote on economic tests are met. Perhaps British voters took him at his word. But the pound's drop in value— it touched a 15-year low against the U.S. dollar last week—was a sign of investor confidence over the future of the currency.



**BEYOND'S LOST CITY:** Archaeologists presented the results of a year of underwater research conducted on the ancient city of Heracleopolis, off the coast of Egypt at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. An earthquake 1,200 years ago split the port city and two others—Cnosopolis and Heracleopolis—into the sea floor. The three were known only through Greek legends and legends until researchers found evidence of their existence last year. Since then, the team of international archaeologists has recovered gold statues, massive hieroglyphic inscriptions and hundreds of fragments of gold jewelry.

tary school and injured another 13 students and two teachers. The bloodshed occurred in Ikeda, 408 km west of Tokyo, and was the country's worst mass killing in years. Police said the suspect, who was finally subdued by school staff, had a history of mental illness.

## B.C. tax cut

New B.C. Premier Gordon Campbell and his 28-member cabinet were sworn in, three weeks after the May 16 election that saw his Liberals win 77 of 79 seats in the provincial legislature. Campbell wasted

little time in debuting one of his campaign promises: an average 25-per-cent provincial personal income tax cut. It will take effect on July 1.

## Heor in Calgary

It began with a toddler's de-composing body discovered in an empty apartment on June 5. By week's end, police were searching the Bow River for 15-month-old Dominic Brown's three-month-old sister, Gemma. An autopsy revealed that Dominic had been dead for several days. Gemma, police feared, had been

wrapped in plastic bags and thrown into the river. The children's mother, Mrs. Faye, 23, a Japanese citizen who entered Canada on a student visa four years ago, turned herself in after news of the boy's death broke. Police charged her with neglecting to bury a dead human body.

## Cable's victory

It's open season on popular specialty TV channels in the wake of a long-winded federal decision that allows cable companies to buy them. The move by the Canadian Radio-

television and Telecommunications Commission was especially welcomed by convergence-minded Rogers Communications Inc. (owner of *Maclean's*), which wants to take over the Spornet channel to go along with its purchase of the Toronto Blue Jays. The CRTC and cable companies must give equal treatment in channel positioning to stations they do not own.

## New charges for Reyat

Britain cleared the way for Indonesia's Sugh Reyat to be charged in the 1985 bombing of Air India Flight 182 that took 329 people dead. The B.C. resident was serving the final days of a 10-year manslaughter conviction in the deaths of two baggage handlers in Japan's Naga airport; they were killed when a bomb originating in Vancouver and intended for another Air India flight exploded as soon before Flight 182 went down. Reyat, who died in Britain, was extradited to Canada to face the Narva charges. Under the extradition agreement, Britain had to consent to any new charges laid against him.

## Napster's new tune

Remember Napster? Millions of music downloaders have moved on to other systems since it began hearing claims to copyright infringement. But last week, Napster Inc. joined three music giants—AOL, Time Warner Inc., BellSouth and EMI Group, as well as software giant RealNetworks—on a music *MusicNet*, a *free* download service that will compete with iTunes, a service of Sony Corp. and Vivendi Universal. Industry experts were skeptical about Napster's technology, while others questioned whether either service could compete with the explosion of file sharing.

## STAND AND TAKE IT

The stated reasoning was to make MPs salaried to bring their more elite lives with the private sector—and not use new blood into politics. In its end, whether the motive was noble or not, parliamentarians rose to their feet in a vote of 281 to 52 to accept a 29-per-cent pay increase. There were grumbles of opposition. Alliance leader Stockwell Day, for one, refused to take the vote. Others, though, applauded. Said Alliance MP Bob Miller: "I said that I do deserve a pay increase."

The vote will bring an average MP's salary to \$121,430 from the current \$99,560. There are also federal windfalls. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's salary will go up to \$262,355 from the equivalent of \$244,600 now. But his pension, according to some calculations, could jump to \$175,156 annually. How controversial was the voting in itself, which forces MPs to



A vote always puts a breeze in one's cap

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Given past experience, it was to be expected—Quebecers complained to their province's language police about Jacques Villeneuve's new Montreal restaurant. The Quebec-borne dining star, who lives in Monaco, called his new eatery *Newtown*, the English translation of his name and also his nickname. Heeding critics' Villeneuve's response to those who complained? "You have to look further than the tip of your nose," he said. "It's a big world."



It's a big world, an international eatery tells his critics



Barbara Amiel

## The right man for the times

Only the Queen can be feeling more of a hanger-on this morning than William Hague, now ex-leader of the British Tory party. She will have to put on her hide-clerical smile and perch for the occasional visit by Prime Minister Tony Blair and his plucky consort into republican wife, Cherie. In his first term, Mr Blair barely beautified himself to come over to Buckingham for the reverential tea-taking waddled adoration with the Queen, anyone than he bothered much with parliamentary question time.

This past election was the splendid ceremony of a British general election. There were single-issue candidates, people campaigning on behalf of budgets and bridgepays, as well as non-issues candidates politely wearing gaps to protest their silencing on election eve, as controversies that had recently experienced race riots. Female candidates with a bunch of roses were dressed in stiletto and calf skirts to indicate that any hormones they might have surged only to the call of the parliamentary devotion bell. Male contenders looked glam in polo outfits suitable to New Labour gives. The BBC was magnificently rude throughout the whole evening, showing a sort of manic wit. CBS News never dare march.

The results are well-known. The Conservatives did terribly in that they went down to almost precisely the same losses as they did in 1997, which was their worst defeat since Winston Churchill led them in 1945. Blair has now not only established himself in history as the first Labour leader to win a second consecutive term, but even more impressively, he did it with the largest second-term majority of any leader in the British record books. "Ministry" the Queen might be saying to the Queen Mother over indulgent and kidneys at breakfast, "what happened?"

This happened. A lot of British voters gave up on all parties to do anything about what women term the most, namely the foul health-care and equally wretched educational system. The Tories were left-of-right. New Labour on this, promising more public spending, confirming the suspicion that neither party has a clue what to do. Blair has managed the economy reasonably well, so it was also a question of better the devil you know. The furious question of the euro, roughly translated as do you want to swap your pounds for some fifty European currency, didn't count a damn because most voters believe they will get a chance to state their views in a referendum.

The electorate is probably not wrong in returning Blair to office. Voters sensed that Hague's brand of high-speeding conservatism could or would not change much. Hague himself

happens to be a highly intelligent man, brave and full of integrity, but he didn't catch on as leader. Partly this was because he photographed so very badly with his high build head and baby face. Appearance does matter and the British public took against Hague's looks and plump Yorkshire accent.

Being photogenic didn't matter in infelicitous days when you could hope to be the chief minister to hang as you were agile and strong. In modern times, leaders of imperial empires have always gone to extreme lengths—like Wilhelm II, the last emperor of Germany, who had a withered arm, and Franklin Roosevelt, because of his polio—to hide imperfections. Then there was the victory factor. A year ago, Blair produced a baby, Leo, to him. Hague looked like he had a family cat and there was racy a child in sight in spite of his 32-year-old beautiful wife, Fiona. One could almost hear Trilby's Duke of Devonshire exclaiming his hair and aspiring 'Whig leader to "get her with child."

Ultimately, a leader has to be the right man for the times.

**Tony Blair has changed Britain profoundly and the electorate was probably correct to return him to office**

Margaret Thatcher, who won as excellent for the narrow band of time in which she changed the course of the world, could never do that now. In re-electing Blair, the British may have made the right choice for the bumpy euro-road. The Tories are unlikely to be able to keep Britain out of Europe, indeed the party itself is unambivalent on the issue. A federal Europe is one of those strings that will simply have to be played out. It is like a huge pothole that you know will give your car a terrible job. When it appears too late, trying to avoid it may cause the car to flip.

Blair has changed Britain profoundly. He has altered country from town, eliminated hereditary membership in the House of Lords without working out what will replace it, reversed the power of Westminster in favour of European law and shows a phantasmic attitude towards the high art and culture, once Britain's pride. Over time, these changes may be seen to be a good thing, though looking back on many occasions one also sees how their significance was destroyed by similar processes.

One can simply hope for this because of the record low turnout, the fact that only one in four voters actually supported Blair will prevent him from anything as an overwhelming victory. Because if one creates a feeling in the government of the day that it has the full and unopposed endorsement of the population, then its natural arrogance becomes deplorable—as in Canada. And this occurs no matter which side of the political spectrum wins. It causes a truly malignant growth in nations. Canada has the disease. God willing, Britain will yet escape.



THERE WERE NO OPEN ENVIRONMENTS BACK IN THE PARALLEL UNIVERSE. HERE THEY COULD BREATHE...

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IT'S A DIFFERENT KIND OF WORLD.  
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By JULIAN BRETHERTON  
in Ottawa

Joe Clark was smiling broadly, holding court poolside at the back of his chateau-style home in the exclusive Rockcliffe Park neighbourhood of Ottawa last week. A dozen of Canada's leading journalists clustered around, hanging on his every word. An annual summer garden party, when a party leader can try to polish his "I'm just a regular guy" persona for the national media, is the type of event the socially awkward Clark usually handles. But on this evening, he is jovial and relaxed, looking unusually casual in a stylish beige suit. And why shouldn't he be? Last summer, Clark was looking over his shoulder to see where the knives were coming from. Now, everybody's looking to him, trying to read his mind, parse his words, anticipate

**Forget a merger with the Alliance—the Tory leader is looking to the Prime Minister's Office**

# WHAT

his moves. "Of the two, this feels much better—I have a sense I'm being effective now," he told Maclean's. "People tell me they can see it in the way I comport myself."

Mary also feels he is about to make another one of his Clarkson misjudgments. With the Canadian Alliance on the run and its leader, Stockwell Day, playing the role of the Irrelevant Man in Ottawa, some Tories want Clark to seize the moment and begin negotiations on uniting the right. They believe that as many as 40 of the Alliance's 66 MPs are itching for just such a merger, which would reduce the rise to a western-based, social conservative fringe. Yet Clark is sending the opposite signal. Four national polls released in the past two weeks put his party ahead of the Alliance—as high as 19 per cent support, compared with the Alliance's low of nine per cent. Why give up now, Clark asks. "It sounds crazy, but I haven't the slightest doubt in my mind that Joe truly thinks he can become prime minister again," says a top Tory strategist who has known Clark for more than 20 years.



Walking tall and talking brave on the subject of leadership.

Clark has said as much. He recently raised eyebrows by telling reporters that he still aspires to the prime minister's job. In an interview with Maclean's last week, he outlined how that could come about. First, despite pioneering the lowest vote tally in his history in last November's election—32 per cent—the Progressive Conservatives are being seen as winners of seats, simply by virtue of having the minimum 12 seats needed to retain party status in the House of Commons. Second, the Alliance's spent-showering failure to break through in Quebec, followed by the intense warfare over Day's leadership that has already caused eight members to bolt the caucus, has seriously undermined Canadian faith in the western-based party—perhaps permanently. It is now a question of which party will emerge as the conservative alternative to the Liberal government, Clark says. "What the current polls show clearly is that none of the opposition parties have enough credibility yet to be taken seriously," he says. Should the Tories gain that credibility, through his own superior performance in Parliament and Day's continuing falter, "there's enough fatigue, anger and disappointment with the government that there's a real opportunity for another government to

MacKay, the party's best opponent, and Chuck Smith, the leader of the Dump-Day movement. Alliance MPs have started popping up at Conservative fund-raisers. As well, Alliance and Tory MPs are exploiting the notion of staging joint policy sessions throughout the summer. Even Day, perhaps hoping to divert attention from his woes, is urging a merger, saying last week he would put his leadership on the line for a Conservative-Alliance party. "I'm surprised at how fast this is moving," said a Tory official. "A month ago, we were as a handful, but now people are getting comfortable with each other and they're putting aside the things that divide them."

Some Tories say the process is moving far too slowly, and blame Clark for putting the brakes on meaningful merger talks. "His judgment on strategy issues has never been great," says one Tory critic, recalling how as prime minister Clark lost a vote of confidence in 1979, and later his leadership to Brian Mulroney. Former PC party president Peter Van Loan, who stepped down last fall after he was perceived to be challenging Clark's leadership, refuses to be openly critical. But he does say the Tory leader may be reading too much into the polls. "We're

# CLARK WANTS

be formed," Clark concludes. In other words, on to 24 Sussex Drive, the prime minister's residence.

Those are heady assumptions for the leader of the fifth party in the Commons—especially one that remains more than \$6 million in debt. But Clark believes a survey of 1,500 voters and just-party members, conducted by John Lauchinger, the Tory campaign manager last fall, has given him more than enough reason to pause. For the time being, his wait-and-see strategy. On June 3, Lauchinger told the party's management committee that respondents were evenly split on the question of pursuing a merger or coalition with the Alliance. The vote majority, however, agreed with Clark that, in the near term, they should concentrate on supplementing the Alliance in voters' minds as the strongest alternative to the Liberals. As that pans out, says Clark, some moderate Alliance MPs who oppose Day may start drifting back into the Tory fold.

Still, informal talks designed to build links between members of the two parties are building steam. Last Tuesday, eight Alliance MPs and five Conservative MPs and ministers met on Parliament Hill to discuss co-operation. The gathering included Tory House Leader Peter

still below what Kim Campbell got in 1993," he points out. Rather, he says, the party's improved standing should be seen as an opportunity to bargain with the Alliance "as equals, without fear of being swallowed up." The danger of waiting too long, he adds, is that the Alliance will regroup under Day or a new leader, bringing the would-be merger closer to a halt.

So where does that leave Clark? At 62, and with disaffected Alliance MPs such as Smith and Deborah Gray warning they would never join a Clark-led party, the ageing prime minister who returned from oblivion three years ago to rescue his party could again find himself out in the cold. His critics within say that or why he is dragging his heels on a merger. But that is selling the Tory leader short, says Senator Lowell Murray, a long-time Clark confidant. "Most Conservatives know in their hearts that Joe will do the right thing," Murray says. That means Clark has a year, maybe two, to prove he can make the Tories grow to the point voters perceive them as the go-to party after the Liberals. Despite the new spring in his step, few believe he can do it. But most Tories agree his long service has earned him the breathing room to try. ■

BY CLAIRE HOY

The last Quebec premier René Lévesque, no stranger to negative media coverage, once quipped that if he decided to walk on the water of the St. Lawrence River, the next day's headlines would be "Lévesque: can't swim!"

Stockwell Day must be feeling that way these days. And like Lévesque, the Canadian Alliance leader has brought most of the criticism upon himself.

Day, who many had hoped could walk on water and defuse the divided Liberals, or at the very least reduce them to a minority, is instead being swamped under a storm of criticism for his ineptly protected leadership performance. Now, instead of speculation over his potential as a future prime minister, the question dogging Day is just how long he can survive his own party's external revile. And if he does survive, whether the Alliance?

Not that he was exactly a sure thing from the open-

ing of his own electoral appeal. "People tell me that I can communicate one-on-one or to a crowd in a way that there is a connection if he decided to walk on the water of the St. Lawrence River, the next day's headlines would be "Lévesque: can't swim!"

Or so he thought. To be fair, there was generally negative media coverage from the outset—Day is, after all, both a fiscal and social conservative, rather out of step with most journalists. That, combined with a coach campaign call by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and some scurrilous claims levelled against him by the Liberals, didn't exactly help. Nor did a week-long campaign. Day spent most time defending himself against personal attacks that he did outlining his own agenda. When he did get to his policies, he usually folded them. One day there would be reformers, then there wouldn't. They would be leading. They wouldn't. The Alliance policies were clear. Day wasn't.



It's politicians' current nerve that makes people laugh at him.

# Mortal Wounds

A former supporter argues that Stockwell Day must go

ing while. But he offered real possibilities. And just as nobody expected the Ottawa Senators to embarrass themselves during their first-round humiliation by the Toronto Maple Leafs this year, even Day's fiercest critics would not have expected the new sheriff's first tour to become tarnished so thoroughly in such a short period of time.

What happened to the "lak" Stockwell Day who, just a year ago, stride confidently into a suite in an upscale downtown Toronto hotel for the first of two lengthy interviews for my quickie biography titled *Stockwell Day: His Life and Alliance*? That man had a glint in his eye and a smile on his lips. He was confident. He was on a mission. He offered me straight answers to straight questions. Dozens of other interviewees in the time, many with some skepticism, painted a similar picture of an uncorrupted kind of man who does not square with the Stockwell Day we currently see perched before us on the nightly news.

Patrick Wynne, who ran the Red Deer, Alta., feed bank from 1990 to 1998, said this of Day last year: "He did know. But he took the information and did whatever he felt was appropriate with it. That wasn't always what I felt was appropriate, but at least you knew that he had listened to what you had said." Here is how Day described

his own electoral appeal. "People tell me that I can communicate one-on-one or to a crowd in a way that there is a connection if he decided to walk on the water of the St. Lawrence River, the next day's headlines would be "Lévesque: can't swim!"

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From that on, everything Day did, every word he spoke, all the criticism levelled against him by critics from both inside and outside the party were magnified. Events that normally wouldn't make the paper became front-page headlines. There was an internal quibble over the

salary of his new communications man, for example. At worst, it would normally be a small news item, it was on the front pages and leading television and radio newscasts.

A wise person would learn from this. Day didn't. At least, not that you could notice.

He would meet with his senior advisers in the morning and develop the party's Question Period strategy to the point of rehear-

ing questions and possible Liberal answers. Then he would enter into Question Period and ask something totally different.

Good knows the Liberals gave him endless opportunities to shine. But Day allowed Joe Clark to take control of the party. Even though, under Clark, the Tories got their lowest-ever percentage of the national vote, he emerged from the electoral ashes and led the charge against Chrétien's questionable dealings in his home riding. If there is a silver lining for Day in all this, he might find small comfort in the fact that, a year ago, it was Clark who appeared to be political dead meat. Mills were douring his caucus and Michel Fortin was screaming in droves to the Alliance (i.e., Reform/United Alternative) to forge a right-of-centre party capable of ousting the Liberals from power.

But that was then. This is now. Day has since lost some of his brightest stars. To be sure, it is no coincidence that most of the loudest critics are Manning loyalists. Even Deborah Grey, the most recognizable Alliance MP now says of Day, "he pig is up." But a strong performance by Day wouldn't have given them the platform they now enjoy.

Even after it became obvious how widespread the anger was, and when his caucus allowed him a week to come up with a policy plan—and gave him, at least for the moment, their support—Day still appeared not to get it. Without telling his caucus, Day gave a controversial pre-leak speech to the Canadian Jewish Congress about the ongoing battles between Israel and the Palestinians. His position isn't the issue here. The question is why would a man with more than enough troubles of his own want to wade into this endless political quagmire when he didn't have to?

Day is like the hapless Black Knight in the famous scene from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* who challenges King Arthur to a sword fight. The long loops slashing off his limbs, but, undeterred, the knight keeps challenging Arthur until, at the end, he has no arms or legs. At that point, as Arthur gets set to leave, the Black Knight says "We'll call it a draw."

Day seems to hold the same perspective. Almost daily, he suffers a new political gash, yet rather than stop the bleeding, he simply changes off for more.

If the high-profile party rebels really had the future of their party in mind, instead of seeking personal revenge on Day for defying their hero, they'd hold their fire and make their point at the next leadership review. But it's too late for such civility now. And I fear it's too late for Day to recover his lost prestige.

A politician cannot survive when he makes people laugh at him. The sooner Day realizes that, the better. Unless, of course, you want the Liberals to govern forever.

Claire Hoy is a Toronto journalist, author and broadcaster.

MINOR MP Keith Martin talks about destabilizing our caucus—and about the party's future. [www.cbc.ca/news](http://www.cbc.ca/news)

Toronto's Judy Feld Carr dedicated almost three decades of her life to helping Jews escape from a dangerous and dictatorial country

# MISSION: SYRIA

By PERLITA ETTEINGER

In the Israeli coastal town of Jaffa, there is a small store in the old market area featuring the usual drapery. Middle Eastern crafts, ceramic plates and furniture. It is like many others—except for the display of red-and-white Canadian flags in the windows. They were placed there by store owner Elie Hama in honour of a Toronto woman he calls the "angel from Canada" who saved him and his family.

Thousands of Holocausters away in Toronto, that "angel," a 61-year-old, brown-haired grandmother named Judy Feld Carr, is sipping a gin and tonic in the living room of her condominium. Tables and shelves are covered with the ornamental brass plates she received as gifts from some of the 3,200 Jews who, like Hama, she spirited out of Syria between the 1970s and last year, sometimes through secret ransom payments of as much as \$24,000 a head. Scattered amid the memorabilia are photographs of girls who have, in Carr's house, been raised Judy by parents whose freedom she had arranged. And on May 31, in recognition of her bravery, Carr received the Order of Canada. "She is like a saviour to these people," says Solomon Sionov, a New York City resident whose wife is from Syria. "Thousands are free because she stood enough to do something she didn't have to."

Following the beds of Israel in 1948, a series of vicious pogroms swept through Syria. The sounds of Jews fled, but for the 6,000 who remained trapped in the country, life quickly became even more miserable. New anti-Jewish laws prohibited domestic travel, while bank accounts were frozen. Jews were interrogated almost daily and often arbitrarily imprisoned by the state's security police force, the Mubtahas. Even when Jews received temporary exit visas, they were forced to leave family members behind as hostages. If they were raped, families were spared and prisoners were routinely tortured. "Jews were seen as allied with the new state of Israel, and Syria, for all intents and purposes, was at war with Israel," says Walter Zeevitz,

author of *A Global Canconway: The Jews from Aleppo, Syria*.

In the 1970s, news that 12 Jewish teens had been killed in a mine-field while trying to escape Syria reached Carr and her husband at the time, Dr. Ronald Feld, in Toronto. Despite having children of her own to raise, Carr could not turn away. Raised in Sudbury in Northern Ontario, where her father studied law with the abolitionists, she came from a home where Zoujan had been regularly discussed. As a teenager, she spent much of her free time working as a counsellor in Jewish youth camps. She also led the string of anti-Semites. "I was an year old and being taught by nazi at school that I killed Christ," says Carr, who earned a master's degree in music education at the University of Toronto in 1968. "It was awful. I wasn't invited to birthday parties. I was called every name in the book and was always picked on by everybody."

Those early scars remained, and contributed to Carr's outrage when the 12 youths were killed. To raise awareness, she and her husband created the Canadian Committee for the Rescue of Jews in Arab Lands. They eventually managed to establish contacts with Ibrahim Hanna, the chief rabbi in Damascus—an effort that also resulted in Hanna being taken in for questioning by Syrian police. "We didn't realize his life would be endangered," explains Carr. "But we needed to make a connection."

That initial contact linked the Jewish communities of Syria and Canada. Carr and her husband began sending boxes of religious items to Hanna, communicating by telegram. After her husband died suddenly of a heart attack in 1973, Carr did not give up. And as the command to ship parcels, she and Hanna also began exchanging biblical quotations. There, on one occasion, Hanna quoted from the book of Jeremiah: "Hark a voice a heart in Ramoth, lamentation, bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children. She refuses to be comforted for her children because they are exiled."

Carr suspected Hanna was trying to tell her that these had been



fresh violence against Syria's Jews. She confirmed her suspicions with a Hama rabbi, who helped her understand the underlying symbolism of the text. Eventually her coded telegrams with Hanna became more precise, allowing Carr to track some of what was happening to the Jewish community behind Syria's closed doors. "I got to the point where I became almost obsessed with the cause," Carr told Marissa. "It just really got into my soul and became part of who I was as a person."

Olya Kasik and her father, Rabbi Eliahu Dohal, became the first beneficiaries of Carr's new calling. "We wanted to leave Syria because we had no opportunities there," says Kasik, a 39-year-old mother of three who now lives in Tel Aviv. For all intents and purposes, she says, "we were living in a jail."

More immediately, Dohal needed medical attention he could not get in Syria, and so his sister, who lived in Toronto, turned to Carr for help.

It was a turning point. Carr began working closely for the family, lobbying the Canadian government to apply pressure on Damascus. Her work bore fruit: in 1977, Dohal was finally issued an exit visa after Carr arranged for a bribe to be paid to a Syrian official. Kasik, her mother and two sisters were kept behind to ensure that he returned. He didn't, dying of cancer shortly after reaching Israel. But Carr did not inform his family and the Syrians of his death. Instead, she tried to grant the rabbi's dying wish to get Kasik—who was attractive and therefore, the rabbi feared, at risk of abduction—out of the country. Carr asked her contacts in Damascus to try to bribe a government official into issuing another exit visa. Finally, Kasik managed to leave Syria.

Carr now knew she could purchase the freedom of Syrian Jews—five between \$1,500 to \$24,000 per person (Hama managed to escape on his own). "It was horrendous that I was negotiating prices for human beings," says Carr. "It was beyond disgusting that I was bargaining for a child, an old man, an entire family—they were human beings alive!" Beyond disgusting, but effective. The money came from Dr. Ronald Feld, set up in 1973 by Carr's synagogue in memory of her late husband to finance her work in Syria. Donors were told they were helping Syrian Jews, but given few details. "She was silent," recalls Helen Cooper, Carr's close friend and principal fund-raiser. "She was dedicated to the idea that what happened under Hitler would never happen again."

Thanks to Carr's efforts, Syrian Jews were soon quietly leaving the country in any setting in New York. Before their departure from Syria, Carr would instruct them to behave normally—sticking out as refugees, appearing in public, even mentioning their homes as before the actual escape, usually with just the clothes on their backs. "I checked everyone's story



"I became almost obsessed with the cause," Carr says of her work.

Carr with Hama in Jerusalem, 1995 (top); Kasik and her family in Tel Aviv (middle); Hanna and family with Carr and her husband, Ronald, in 1969

## 'SHE CARED ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO'

over and over—and then I checked it again," says Carr. Her contacts in Syria soon included businessmen, smugglers and community leaders. As her aspiration grew, other Syrian Jews contacted her, usually through relatives who had been saved. "I got the most calls on Sunday nights," recalls Carr, "because people would go to synagogue in Brooklyn on the Sabbath, talk about their families in Syria, and eventually someone would drop my name."

In 1990, the plight of Garcia Janet Gains came to Carr's attention. When she was seven months pregnant, Gains was caught trying to escape with her husband, her teen friend and her family's friend. Word soon reached Carr that Gains, while in prison, had given birth alone on the floor of her cell. Virtually overnight, Carr managed to get her contacts to send a small refrigerator consisting of cans of baby formula, baby bottles and a packet of cash to the prison. Under a tacit understanding, the warden took the money and the refrigerator, but every day formula made it to Gains, allowing her baby to survive (she and her husband later managed to leave the country).

Syria has since caused travel restrictions for its Jews. In fact, Carr says there are only 58 left—most of them elderly. But although Carr has finally retired, she is still reluctant to explain her work in detail. "I set up my own system and it was certainly challenging," so all she will say "It was always a secret and no one could ever know anything." Her work was so important that even Carr's current husband, Donald Carr, a prominent Toronto lawyer she married in 1977, knows very little. "I knew what Judy wanted me to know," he says. "I know very few details."

Carr's own children also know very little about their mother's work, although they recall her returning around the house when her rescue plan was not working out. "She just made a lot of calls," says Alan, "but she was home with us." Now living in Israel, Alan finally realized the magnitude of his mother's work while on an El Al flight from Toronto to Israel in 1994. He was seated next to passengers wearing Arab, who upon hearing he was from Canada, said they knew someone there: "Mrs. Judy." They were Syrian Jews and when they learned that Alan was Carr's son, the reaction was immediate. Dozens of people called across the seats to him, telling stories of how his mother



After the horror, a fragile ceasefire

## BACK FROM THE BRINK?

Against the odds, a fragile ceasefire held in the Middle East last week. Israeli forces, in the wake of the June 1 suicide bombing that left 21 dead outside a Tel Aviv disco, refrained from retaliatory action and Palestinians, for the most part, heeded leader Yasser Arafat's call to cool the violence that, over the past eight months, has left nearly 600 people dead. Yet there were some ugly incidents. Stone-throwers unfurled against a five-month-old Israeli boy and angry Jewish settlers clashed with Palestinians on the West Bank and in Gaza. But for the most part, there seemed to be a realization that both sides needed to slow their way back from the brink.

Diplomacy, backed by a renewed U.S. presence, intensified. CIA director George Tenet led special envoy William Davis both turned up in the region—the first high-level U.S. involvement in the Midwest crisis since President George W. Bush took office in January. David and Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and Arafat separately. News reports said that U.S. and Israeli negotiators were talking towards a deal that would halt new construction of Jewish settlements on the

disputed territory annexed by Israel during the Six Day War of 1967. Many analysts believe such an agreement would go a long way towards meeting key Palestinian demands.

But hard lines remain. Both Israelis and Palestinians can easily recall any new deal. Backers of the normally hawkish Sharon are growing tired of Israel's military setbacks and thousands of Israelis took over Jerusalem's Zion Square, demanding the death of Arafat. Many of them believe Sharon—one of the settlers' strongest allies—failed to build his election promise to bring their security. Since fighting broke out last September, more than 23 settlers have been killed in drive-by shootings or roadside ambushes.

On the Palestinian side, meanwhile, no one really knows if organizations like Hamas are willing to succumb to Arafat's control—or accept peace with Israel. The Israeli right-wing, the bloc that cleaves part of Jerusalem since violence resumed—and for which Hamas claimed responsibility—was a too-hard remainder of how quickly horror can escalate.

Colin Grey, Reuters

saved their lives. For the first time, Alan began to understand why his mother really was.

Among those initially skeptical of Carr was the Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service. "They didn't trust her," said Harold Troper, who documented Carr's story in a book called *The Rescued of God*. "They saw a woman raising espionage out of her kitchen while preparing dinner, and thought the whole thing was ludicrous." Soon, though, the Israelis understood that Carr's information and contacts were well situated in a country they deeply mistrusted—and from where they needed information about the Jewish population.

In return, according to some Israeli officials, they supplied her with intelligence, including the base routes out of the country for people being smuggled to freedom. "We knew what she was doing, but were only involved in generalities," David Ariel says vaguely. Ariel, a pure Israeli, was general in Toronto and formerly a top official in Israel's foreign ministry, adds. "The operation was secret, and still is to a certain extent, but Israel helped whenever it could." In fact, Carr's contacts were so good that when five Israeli soldiers were shot down over Syria in the 1970s, she was able to inform the Israelis that the crew was dead and had been buried. In 1991, Carr also contacted Yehudi Kinar, then a director with Israel's foreign ministry. He created a direct pipeline between Carr and the office of the prime minister in Israel, as well as the

Mossad. "She was extremely helpful to us because she was less suspicious to anyone," said Kinar. "No one would ever expect a housewife and a mother would be involved with these things."

But it is also clear that the Syrians came to know about her activities. One source in Damascus appeared before shown a thick intelligence file about Carr. When her first husband died, the Mossad even informed Rabbi Haim of the news before Carr

did. "Her life was certainly in danger at the beginning," says Kinar. On one occasion, a bomb squad from the Israeli consulate in Toronto was called to Carr's home to investigate a suspicious package that had arrived from Syria (it turned out to be books). "I never took chances," says Carr. "The secret police of Syria were everywhere and, with my contacts, I knew that better than anyone."

There is also little doubt the Syrians noticed the country's Jewish population slowly disappearing. So why was Carr allowed to continue? For some, rampant corruption is the best answer. "Everybody was being bought, it was a marketplace and money flowed very high up the ladder," explains Troper. "Wherever the money, Carr managed to raise. She earned the admiration of Israeli prime minister Yehudi Kinar, who just before his 1995 assassination wrote a letter to her acknowledging that the people of Israel and the entire Jewish world owed their gratitude to Carr. Those thanks are even now being expressed in the number of children named Judy in her honour."

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Edited by Shonda Dwyer

### *An Intimate affair*

When Eleanor McCain was growing up in the farming community of Florenceville, N.B., her mother, Margaret, drove her around the province to perform at music competitions. At the performance, Margaret would accompany her daughter on the piano to sing a "famous tune of choice, the Scotch ballad *Brandy Love* [sic]. 'My mom was my biggest influence in music,'" says McCain, 31. And her relationships with family and community have deeply influenced her recently released debut CD, *Aesthete*.

Though she no longer lives in New Brunswick, she is a member of the frozen-food club. McCain scents strongly connected to the East. "I vividly remember being in my room in this CD," she says. "Not only are many of the songs chosen to reflect those years—Grown Hall of Fame, for example, describes the landscape of Hometown—but fellow Montrealer Natalie MacMaster also plays fiddle on the CD. McCain inspired to behind this project, however, came from watching deep me. The strength of her memory to Greg Dawid, says McCain, "has smile onto the death and joy of this album."

Thirty years have passed since McCain and her mother performed together at a music festival. However, on the last song of the album, the sound of a piano is clearly heard as Margaret accompanies McCain, once again, for *Endless Love*. Says McCain, "It's a mother-daughter thing."

## WAR, ROMANCE AND WRITING

It hardly surprises that Richard Shapiro, the host of British author Bernard Cornwell's series of novels about the Napoleonic wars, is an orphan. So, too, is Cornwell, 57, the product of a Second World War romance between a married Englishwoman and an RAF flight engineer. Cornwell was placed in an orphanage after his birth and adopted by a member of a strict fundamentalist church known as the Peculiar People. So strict, in fact, that the sect objected not only to alcohol and dancing but also to doctors (and as a result had been hit hard by a 1913 disinfectant epidemic).

From such unpromising beginnings, Cornwell has reached considerable literary heights. After breaking from the *Peculiar*



*Even after two acclaimed TV jobs, Kravitz remains skeptical*

## Better off with the dead

**T**elevised actor Peter Onorati goes over-the-top with some imitation. "There were some plots that I was more proud of than others," he says. "I was much more proud of playing a neo-Nazi in *Schindler*, a Michael Pittley [Lord of the Rings] send-up on *3rd Rock from the Sun* and an Anthony Robbins-like motivational speaker on *The Drew Carey Show* than I was appearing as a Republican on *NewsWeek*. 90210"

But in 1996 all the guest spots finally paid off for Swann, who has a masters of fine arts in drama from New York University, when he landed the role of Casey McCall on the critically acclaimed series, *Sports Night*—created by Aaron Sorkin (*The West Wing*). At the time, Swann told, "a couple like this one may only come along

was in a corner" that he was young. When Sports Illustrated was cancelled after two seasons, Koons was offered a role in one of this year's hot new series, *Six Feet Under*, which was in Canada on The Movie Network and Movie Central. Created by Alex Boix, the Academy Award-winning writer of *American Beauty*, *Six Feet Under* is about a family coping with the death of their patriarch while trying to keep his funeral business afloat. And dead bodies, embalming fluid and hearsees provide the laughs.

While *TV Lighting* has seemingly struck the Minnesota-born actor below, he still has his doubts about the venture. "When *Six Feet Under* says Kneass, 34, "It will be pretty difficult for me to find something I want to do on TV again."

People at 18—the sex devolved into savagery in the 1960s—he worked for the BBC for a decade before meeting his American wife, Judy. He followed her to the United States—they now live on Cape Cod in Massachusetts—and began to write. The prolific author has produced 34 novels, 18 of them in the popular Sharpe series, including his latest, *Sharpe's Fury*. When

on tour in Canada, Cornwell's publicity is derived from his novel *Verity* (Bantam) ago. Bennett, he found his mother and spoke to her briefly without revealing his identity. "I have a name," Cornwell says of the 79-year-old Vancouverite he believes fathered him, "but he denies it." But now the author is over with that. "I hold no grudge," he smiles. "I'm very grateful for my life."

*Consent to publish is the author's responsibility.*



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3:47 p.m.



3:48 p.m.

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## Tech Explorer

### Building a better knee

Knee-replacement surgery is no fun at all. The painful reality is that an orthopedist must carve open your knee to saw away the top of your thigh bone and the bottom of your thigh bone before inserting an artificial knee. But the tech-savvy orthopedic surgeons employ are on the cusp of a fundamental change. Among innovators in the field is Montreal-based Orthosoft Inc., which has developed a computerized workstation called Navtrack to improve surgical accuracy. Orthosoft's project manager, Richard, says that more than 250 knee operations have shown that computer-assisted knee replacements result in better-aligned legs, tighter-fitting joints and, it is hoped, longer-lasting artificial knees. "This," Richard says, "is a major step towards the next level of surgery."

To use Navtrack, which physicians at



Orthosoft's system makes surgery more precise

John Hopkin Hospital in Baltimore are now employing, a radiologist first takes a series of CAT scans of a patient's leg. The data are fed into Navtrack, which creates a three-dimensional image of the femur and tibia where they join at the knee. During the operation, the orthopedist consults the 3-D image, and uses a pointer wired to Navtrack to identify key landmarks on the patient's actual bones. This allows the surgeon to precisely score a template to the bone, which guides the saw during the reshaping,

resizing the bones for fitting with the artificial joint. The more precise the cuts, says Richard, the better the new knee will function. The system can also be used for hip replacements and spinal surgery.

### Digital math

For many photographers, the decision to go digital includes a key question: how long will it take to reequip the camera's cost now that the need to buy and process film has been eliminated? In the case of the \$12,000 Professional DCS 760 camera by Kodak and Nikon, it will take longer than most. Based on the Nikon P5 camera body, the DCS 760 is a six-megapixel picture-taking machine that processes 18 megabyte files, permitting 16 x 20 inch photo enlargements. It takes 1.5 pictures per second at a burst of up to 34 frames. The rechargeable battery is good for taking up to 300 pictures. Would-be owners need only do the math.



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MACQUELAIN WATERS & ROSS

## I AM. A BEER MARKETER: Molson's Dan O'Neill bets big on national pride to sell suds



# THE PATRIOT GAME

BY JAMES DEACON

**T**he video starts with a grainy black-and-white photograph of The Last Supper. Come to think, Labourers in solid work clothes stand beside wined grins in top hats along the train tracks in Calgary, B.C., on Nov. 7, 1985. Financier Donald Smith has the honour of pouring in the final beer order to complete the Canadian Pacific Railway's trans-Canada line, and as the rhythmic clang of hedges on spikes becomes one a beat,

the gaybards and workmen break into song: "I know the place is where I and/ta who play a better deal to make when I go I and/ta to be Co-ndy-on."

Other singers join in and scenes change, each one a familiar slice of history or geography or culture, and all of them playing to national pride. There's the history of Canadian Irish returning home from war. The power of Niagara Falls. The pride of a Manitoba woman's hockey team. The joy

of Paul Henderson's goal. Only at the end does the video reveal itself to be a beer commercial, but by then, it doesn't matter. The lyrics are a bit repetitive and the melody is simple, but the song is catchy enough and the images really tug in the heartstrings. And, for good measure, they throw Joe in at the end.

You remember Joe. Checked that? Didn't a blubber in Joe in a jacket? He's back in the latest wrapped-in-the-flag ad for

Canadian. Molson's best-selling lager. This week, more than a year after Joe first unleashed the anti-not-so-Rust, the brewery is again swinging for the fences, this time with the longest and most expensive "I Am Canadian" spot ever.

The Rust was a runaway hit among early-twenty-somethings, who are exactly the people brewers court. Beer companies track their performance closely, and though the company won't reveal exact numbers, Molson does say its sales jumped with Joe.

So the brewer is ready with a new spot, running a whopping 90 seconds—that's six minutes in the ad biz—which will debut on June 15 and get heavy play leading up to the Canada Day weekend. If it is even remotely as successful as the Rust, it will help Molson sell more of its flagship brew in the summer battle against Labatt Blue for market share. The

rust is being misunderstood, at not being seen as distinct from Americans.

So the creators of the Rust set out to tap those strong emotions again. But this time, they have ambitions beyond simply selling suds. With their song their celebration the country they hope they've developed one of those bits of pop culture that catches on and lives past the sale date of the ad itself. After sipping along through a rough cut of the ad at the agency's Toronto offices, Hunt wondered aloud: *Wouldn't it be great if "I Am" grew to be an unofficial national song, like America the Beautiful south of the border or Wilhelmus in Australia, the way Bobby Garby's Centennial song ("One little, two little, three Canadians") was supposed to last past 1967, but didn't?*

Hunt's hope is shared. Everyone involved in the campaign talks about giv-

Habs when an \$275-million sale of the Molson Centre and the team to American financier George Gillett is approved.) Among other admirers, O'Neill's office across the street from Molson's Montreal brewery is decorated with a print of Ken Danby's *Study of Shores*, a gothic music and a Habs jacket autographed on the left sleeve by Maurice Richard and on the right by Jean Beliveau.

When he returned to Canada to join Molson in 1999, O'Neill was skeptical of an ad campaign appealing to national pride. "What national pride?" he asked at the time, with good reason. It was not an obvious trait in the Canada he had left back in the 1980s. But he signed off anyway: against his bias stood a stack of research data that said young Canadians are overwhelmingly proud of their country, and if O'Neill learned anything in the big leagues of



two brewery behemoths cannot appreciate 90 per cent of the estimated \$5-billion annual beer trade in Canada, so it's a big deal to them when one gets up a percentage point on the other.

But that's just business. What's more intriguing is what Molson and its Toronto-based ad arm, Glen Hunt of Bernheim-Byrne D'Arcy, say they hope to achieve with the latest "I Am" ad. For one thing, they think they have found another way to stake the patriotic fire in Canadians. Their market research tells them that young Canadians have an astonishingly passionate love of country and that was borne out by the people who stood and cheered the Rust last year when it played at movies and hockey games. Those crowds weren't responding to an advertisement, they were reacting to another Canadian's frustra-

*A couch pot at the Anshover—fully 90 seconds long—shows how the brewery hopes to tug at Canada's heartstrings.*

ting the country something to sing. But not just a song, in-house. Hunt and the Molson folks are selling the new spot the Anshover. They're aiming high.

His name is Dan and he is Canadian. Never mind the 15 or so years he spent out of the country selling floor wax and soap for S.C. Johnson and Campbell. Dan O'Neill's type 69' all the way. Now 49, he was raised in Ottawa, got his MBA at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., and never stopped loving the Montreal Canadiens, a happy coincidence since he's now the president and chief executive of Molson Inc. (The company will still own 20 per cent of the

packaged-goods conglomerate, it was to trust research more than his gut.)

Clearly it worked, and that's important to a man whose job it is to increase sales and find a rebirth in an old company. Molson is coming off a banner year—through ranked 21st in sales among the world's brewers, its stock price increased in value by 88 per cent, tops in the industry. Most of that improvement has to do with corporate restructuring. But Joe didn't hurt, and O'Neill, the born-again Canadian, is fascinated by how the patriotism of 18- to 24-year-old Canadians paralleled the Rust to such heights. Strung at a round table in one corner of his office, he thunders through war stories and charm. The vast majority of respondents ranked having fun and hanging with friends in being most important (Jah).



## Business

but they also pretend living in a country that offered the potential for economic prosperity and acceptance of cultural diversity. And get this assignment instantly claimed to be involved in learning more about the country's past. The loud clunk you just heard was the sound of 5,000 high-school history teachers hitting the floor.

Canadians have traditionally demonstrated their patriotism in reaction to major national events—wars, elections, hockey summits, Olympics, centennials and the fabled of beloved leaders or athletes. Hence And advertising experts say that, typically, Canadians are far less likely to respond favourably to an overtly patriotic pitch than, say, Americans. Yet the evidence to the contrary suggests that most people don't seem to mind a little Maple Leaf with their stuff. When Jeff Douglas, the actor who plays Joe, performed his *Rare* at Toronto's Air Canada Centre during intermission at a Maple Leaf game, the performance elicited a passionate, air-Toronto-like ovation. Follow-up commercials, though not as notable, also seemed well with viewers.

The *Am* omission understood, though, that they have to read slowly. In each instalment, the actual pitch is carefully dissected, not just in *Rare* and *Am* but in the "No door about it" and the *Academy* poem again as well. With that strategy, says Anne Lavack, who teaches courses in advertising at the University of Winnipeg, there appears to be little downside. "Does advertising lead, or does it just reflect what is already going on?" Lavack asks. "In this case, I think it has more to do with what's already out there, what people are thinking and talking about."

Still, there are critics who decry trading on patriotism for commercial gain, and some are folk in the industry who are watching the latest launch closely to see if it manipulates the O-Canada emotion too blatantly in its bid to sell more beer. Just in the name, *Am*, there is a huge presumption, as there is in using the Last Spike image. They could have shown the Fathers of Confederation, but perhaps Molson is discreetly suggesting that its

### Will Canadians sing along? Or will the spot manipulate emotions too blatantly?

song, like the CPR's spike, could bring the country together. It may not happen this time, says Ian Berger, professor of marketing at Ryerson Polytechnic University in Toronto, but there's a danger in this kind of campaign. "That's not a feeling I get from any specific market research I have done," Berger says. "It has to do with my experience with my students, who are right in that target age-group for the beer campaign."

*The Rare*, featuring actor Jeff Douglas, gave Molson a major boost in its long-running battle with Labatt's.

ries. I can just see how they'd tell their eyes and nose out if the campaign started to push them where they didn't want to go."

O'Neill's uncomfortable playing the Canada card. The product is made in this country by a company that has done business here for 215 years. "If anyone has the right to push Canada, I think it has to be Molson," he says. Scruffy, though, this latest patriotic pitch doesn't push very hard. *The Rare* was like foreign policy, to differentiate Canada from Americans, the Anthem is strictly domestic policy, a celebration of a rich heritage.

"Will Canadians sing along?" The question is interesting in the crucial days before the campaign is unveiled. Sitting in his office, O'Neill says Molson and the agency have done the requisite polling, that roles of film and parroted into 90 seconds as much as they can—even Joe, that good-luck charm, superimposed over an aerial view of the federal rally in Montreal before the 1995 Quebec referendum. But no one can be sure it will have the desired effect. "We've invested a lot of money in this," O'Neill says, "and if it doesn't work, then that's pretty much the beer season shot to hell."

But research and the *Rare* keep urging them on. *Am* says young adults who grew up with the *Am* series' one-world view still long for their own specific identity. "They are looking for ways to define themselves as Canadians," he says. And for now, at least, Molson is hoping they won't mind getting that definition from a beer commercial.

Should publishers be used to sell beer?  
[www.molson.ca](http://www.molson.ca)



Mary Janigan

## The plight of the cities

When Toronto Mayor Mel Lastman grandly demanded provincial status two years ago, many people laughed. But the mayor's statement didn't just make headlines; it made a point about the provincial importance of cities. Toronto has more people than six of the provinces. After amalgamation next January, Montreal's population will exceed that of the Maritimes.

Fifty-five per cent of Manitobans live in Winnipeg. More than 35 per cent of Nova Scotians reside in Halifax. Despite its great wealth of open land, Canada is an urban nation. Statistics Canada says more than 86 per cent of the population now lives in cities, 45 per cent are in cities with more than 500,000 people.

This is not just a lifestyle trend. Cities are the nation's economic heart. Just three decades ago, the most visible urban activity took place outside urban cores in manufacturing centres with easy access to cheap labour and resources.

"Today, the economic powerhouses include firms that perform services like biotechnology research or financial management. Located within urban cores, they employ people who are highly trained—and highly mobile. And those people may move if they cannot find a quality of life that compares with thriving U.S. cities." The urban core pays the bills, says consultant Joe Berndt, a partner in Toronto-based Urban Strategies Inc. "There is no longer a national economy; city-regions are essentially the economic units. And they are in intense competition with their U.S. counterparts."

It could be a losing battle. Berndt has calculated that Toronto missed only one-fifth of the average amount that 10 U.S. cities, from Boston to Miami, poured into their newly upstart downtowns and waterfront during the 1990s. The reason is simple: Canada's cities are starved for funds. While U.S. mayors can tap generous grants from other levels of government, their Canadian counterparts watched federal and provincial grants actually decline during the last half of the 1990s. Worse, provincial regulations tightly control the type of taxes that cities can levy, mostly heavily on property taxes, which are only peripherally linked to ability to pay. Provincial rules also hobble the cities' right to form partnerships with the private sector—and leverage private funds. "Cities are in a

financial straitjacket," warns Toronto Councillor Jack Layton, president of the 1,100-member Federation of Canadian Municipalities. "And our economy is going to be deep trouble."

Belatedly, other levels of government are realising their peril. Ottawa has put aside \$2.6 billion for infrastructure needs over the next five years. It is also fine-tuning plans to offer \$170 million per year in capital grants for the construction of affordable mid-rise housing over four years. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien even appointed a 12-member Liberal caucus task force on urban issues last month.

The provinces, in turn, are hesitantly offering new revenue sources—and new legal powers. Both Vancouver and Winnipeg collect hotel occupancy taxes. Alberta has turned its cities into major revenue sources into major revenue sources that can offer business incentives for projects such as affordable housing. Ontario may allow its cities to deploy "tax increment financing," tools that let cities borrow the money for improvement in tax-down areas—and then use the increased property tax revenues to pay off the bonds. "It is everybody's interest for senior levels of government to take a leap of faith in cities," says Gloria Miller, applied research director at the

Canadian Urban Institute. "We have got to make up for lost time." Governments must also boldly "The old rules ensured that cities did not become encumbered with debt—or saddle their taxpayers with major burdens."

Today, those cities are so important that they must be treated—and treated—as equal partners. Cities need new revenue sources. Ottawa should grant the federalist request for three cents out of its 10-cent-per-hat rate tax on gasoline, which would be used for urban transit needs. The feds and the provinces should commit more money to the infrastructure fund. All provinces should provide guarantees for city bonds so cities can receive better credit ratings—and thus pay lower interest rates. And they should allow their cities to make more use of private funds through for-profit partnerships. Above all, other governments should increase grants—big time. "The city generates so much revenue for the country," says David Peay, senior research associate at the Canadian Tax Foundation. "It's time they get a lot more back."



# Why Dads Matter

By Susan McClelland



## New studies show fathers' impact on child development

researchers criticize her for not using a control group, and worry that the night scene El-wated couples into strolling is out for the sake of the kids. Still, Willenstam has her supporters. "There were a lot of studies done in the 1970s that showed divorce had no effect on children," explains Popovce. "But the long-term studies that were started then are coming out now, and they do show

Cheriton, as the barkeeper, says many people consider a dad who stays at home 'to be a success'.

that the effects of divorce can worsen as the child gets older."

Popovce explains that boys raised by mothers alone have a more difficult time shifting away from the maternal orbit. And girls lacking a father have a greater chance of becoming sexually active at young ages. "Perhaps these girls are looking for male affection and to be valued," explains Ted McNell, director of social work for Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. "We don't necessarily know why all this happens, but we do know that girls who have fathers who are warmly and positively engaged tend to have healthier relationships with the opposite sex."

While gender roles are made to be broken, there is no doubting male-female differences in child-rearing. Studies show that fathers often are more physically engaged and less emotional with their kids than mothers. Take the simple example of pushing a child in a playground swing. Mothers tend to push cautiously, not wanting the child to fall, while dads shove harder and higher, jerking the child worked up with both fear and delight. This type of play, studies show, can help teach kids emotional self-control. Dad's pushing forces children to learn to expose their own feelings, as when they feel danger or pain. They also learn to read their father's facial and body cues, such as when they really have gone too high, or when dad thinks they can do more.

Other research shows that children whose play with dad begins to involve more games and teamwork. Fathers often stress healthy competition, rule-making and independence. The way fathers play, Popovce writes, "affects everything from the management of emotions to intelligence and academic achievement." And another study says that boys and girls who have healthy relationships with their fathers often do better academically and, later on, in their careers. These findings don't surprise Casselin psychologist Ross Parke. "What surprises Parke is how few people recognize them. Many people thought there would be a revolution in the 1960s and fathers and



BONOMO (1955-1971)

In the Old West, men work the family land alongside their dad.

mothers would be equal," says the University of California professor and author of books on fatherhood. "There still are a lot of barriers preventing fathers from participating fully in their children's lives." Employers, Parke notes, are often aware of a mother needing time off to look after a child, but a father lives the health professions can be mother-oriented. In 1993, when Michel Chagnon and his then-spouse lost a child prematurely and their marriage began to fall apart, they reached out to a social worker for help. "We found a program for my wife," says Chagnon, a 42-year-old software developer from Gatineau, Que. "But there was nothing for me. It was just assumed that men are strong and can deal with things. I couldn't and I fell apart."

Robert Glasop, executive director of programs at the Ottawa-based Vancor In-

stitute of the Family, says much of the confusion over fatherhood is because dad's role has changed significantly over the past four decades. "Fathers no longer think of themselves as just the breadwinner," he says. "They want to be involved in raising their kids." That attitude shift comes partly out of necessity. In today's economic climate, both parents usually work and fathers have to do more child-rearing and household chores. Yet one-size studies indicate that dad's intentions often don't match their actions: more still do most of the non-employment work. "Boys did likely had a father who grew up in the 1950s, when there was a clear division of labor," says Glasop. "We have a completely different economic system now, but our expectations of men and women are still much the same. Simply, today's dads have low role models."

## THE EVOLUTION OF SCREEN DADS



MY THREE SONS (1940-1957)

Willenstam raises his boys as a single dad.



KRAMER VS. KRAMER (1979)

Challenging conventional views of custody that favor mothers.



THE COBBY SHOW (1986-1992)

Unfused in the two-parent house.



THE SIMPSONS (1995-PRESENT)

Offbeat take on the misadventures of modern parenting.



Glasson Cheriton of Ottawa can attest into the lingering 1950s gender stereotypes when he spent so many hours in 1994. "I still get those flippancy comments from teachers and mothers about what I'm doing," says Cheriton, 51, who works part time from the house as a desktop publisher. "They consider a dad who stays at home to be a nuisance." That description hardly fits Cheriton. While his wife, Hada, works during the day in a clothing store, Cheriton does housework, food shopping and cooking. 19½ also active in local political issues and in his three children's school life and extracurricular activities. "Our society's idea of parenting has become profoundly feminized," he says. "Nurturing is important, but kids also need someone to help them over the social realm of adulthood." Sometimes, maybe father really does know best. ■



## IN SEARCH OF JOY

Alex Reves was 17 when she sank into a deep depression, throwing her grades and social life into turmoil. Her family doctor saw her briefly and prescribed an antidepressant. "His attitude was, 'Here's a two-week trial of Zoloft. Take it. See ya,'" says Reves, now 20 and a university student in Toronto. "I really thought it was the magical pill," she says. "It took a little while until I found out that doctors aren't always right." She has since gained some control over her depression through a combination of other drugs and talk therapy. But that quick-fix approach, says Dr. Derrick Smith, head of psychiatry at Children's Hospital in Vancouver, is symptomatic of resources stretched too thin. With an estimated one in 10 Canadian children experiencing emotional and behavioral problems serious enough to interfere with daily living, he says, psychiatrists can only take on a small fraction of cases. At best, the rest end up in the hands of physicians who, Smith notes, "only spend about 10 minutes with each patient."

A new approach in the United States, however, claims to be able to disassemble these problems. Spearheaded by Martin Seligman, former president of the American Psychological Association, the positive

psychology movement focuses on prevention rather than treatment. Since 1990, Seligman's colleagues at the University of Pennsylvania have delivered programs to children aged 10 to 12—some with early signs of depression, some without—aimed at keeping the condition at bay. Their results are impressive: in two-year follow-up studies, the incidence of depression among children in the program was half that in control groups receiving no intervention.

Quite simply, says Karen Reivich, a psychologist working with the program, "we teach kids how to think about their thinking." Through role-playing, skits and games, leaders of the 12 two-hour group sessions help children understand that their attitudes affect their emotional response to situations. In the case of depressed children, they may blame themselves and see dire consequences even in circumstances when that isn't warranted. A girl who fails a French test, for example, may feel bad not simply because she didn't do well but because she believes her failure means she is stupid and a disappointment to her parents, and that

Reves has learned to avoid a defeatist response to setbacks.

she will never master French.

Once children understand how negativity affects their emotions, says Reivich, they see other responses as possible. With coaching to help them view adversity as optimistic do—a temporary challenge that doesn't affect other areas of their lives—children find some mastery over adverse circumstances. That, says Reivich, leaves them better equipped to shore off depression.

Positive psychology developed as a critical reaction to mainstream practice which, Seligman argues, has ignored the positive emotions that are the goals of therapy, such as joy, perseverance and optimism. The assumption, adds Reivich, "is that if you're depressed, somehow we also learn about happiness. But a lack of depression is not the same as happiness."

To us critics, there is little novel in that approach. Positive psychology is "the newest phase of a movement," says University of Toronto psychologist Jordan Peterson. "To call it a new direction is to ignore 100 years of work."

Also skeptical are those who believe that depression is rooted in biology and best treated with drugs. But positive psychologists, Reivich contends, do not deny the biological element. While a predisposition to depression may be partly determined in the genes, she says, learned behavior can, over time, help natural pessimism become optimism.

Alex Reves, a familiar with the lexicon of positive psychology, although not the movement itself. She believes that challenging her defeatist response to setbacks is central to recovery. "I've learned it to accept my failures," says Reves. "You can't build self-esteem unless you can embrace the other part of you that's not perfect." And she concurs with the positive psychologists on another point: you're never too young to get on that learning curve.

See Page 40

### THEORY HELPS DEPRESSED CHILDREN ADOPT NEW ATTITUDES

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After a tumultuous history, including theft by Hitler, a Dürer nude came to rest in Canada—but now, where does she belong?

# Tainted Lady

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

She does not look like much of a seductress, Albrecht Dürer's *Nude Woman with a Staff*. But consider the men who have pursued her. There was the prince reputed to have been the most beautiful boy in Europe in the late 18th century, and the dictator who was inarguably the worst villain of the 20th. Closer to home, there was the legendary mining millionaire who acquired her in 1956 and gave her to the National Gallery of Canada. And today, there is the Polish ambassador who longs to send her back to his country, even if he doesn't talk like an enamoured



Artworks confiscated by the Nazis, including Dürer's *Nude Woman with a Staff*, were recovered from an Austrian salt mine



man: "Nor perhaps the prettiest woman I have ever seen," says Paweł Dobrowolski, signing a document of express in the auction of his embassy in Ottawa. "Dürer was a genius of drawing, not of feminine beauty."

What she lacks in allure, though, this statue-like nude more than makes up for in historical intrigue. The piece was part of a great Polish collection, 28 drawings known as the Lubeninski Drawings, which were looted by the Nazis during the Second World War and later scattered to collections around the world. Next week, the National Gallery's board of trustees is slated to discuss her next move. These deliberations are part of an



Dürer painted this self-portrait in 1500, created the staff for the nude

international trend, as major museums consider how to make good on their recent pledges to return art stolen during the war. What the Ottawa gallery decides could have wide repercussions. Poland hopes the Canadian example will set a precedent as it pursues the return of art of the drawings, which have found their way into collections including the British Museum in London and New

York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The principle that galleries should root out and return looted art was widely endorsed by museum directors after a seminal conference on Nazi-looted measures held in Washington in 1998. Canada's National Gallery like many other art institutions around the world, probed its collection and found more than 100 works with gaps in the record of ownership—what curators call "provenance"—for the crucial years between 1933 and 1945. Last December, the gallery posted a list of the questionable pieces on its Web site, encouraging anyone who suspected a piece was stolen to come forward with information or make a claim. *Nude Woman with a Staff* wasn't on the list, but the Polish government knew about the National Gallery's drawing, and in March made a formal case for its return—the first major act of the gallery's provenance program.

There is no dispute about the fundamental claim that the drawing was plundered. "This is very clear," Pierre Thibierge, the gallery's direc-



tes, told *Artforum*: "We know when it was stolen, by whom it was stolen and for whom it was stolen." Those last, chilling facts on July 2, 1941, by a notorious Nazi art thief named Jürgen Müllermann acting on an order from Hermann Göring, for Adolf Hitler.

The theft was the pivotal episode in the drawing's long life. It was created around 1590, which means Diener, regarded as the greatest German artist of the Renaissance, probably drew it in his 30s, when he was emerging as a master. The vividly analytical study, done in pen and brown ink with a brown wash and measuring 3.6 cm by 23.5 cm, was acquired some time in the early-19th century by Prince Henryk Lubomirski, a Polish aristocrat who owned a palace in contemporary Vienna. "The prince was himself, I would say, a work of art," says arthistorian Dobrowolski, who was a historian before he became a diplomat. "Prince Henryk was considered the prettiest child of Europe—painted and sculpted by the greatest artists of his age."

The prince who had been a child model grew up to be an avid collector whose prize acquisitions included



## POLAND'S CLAIMS ON THE WORK TIE IN WITH PATRIOTIC STIRRINGS IN THE 19TH CENTURY

Rembrandts, along with the Dürers. He was also proud of his Polish roots. In 1823, he signed an agreement with another art patron eager to promote Poland's culture, Count Józef Mian Osoliński, to make his art part of Osoliński's foundation. As a result, the Lubomirski museum was founded in the city known as Lwów to Poles, Lemberg to Germans and Lvov to Russians—a central European crossroads.

The history of Lwów as the city is now called is part of Ukraine, not a placid sea. The Poles established control in 1569, then the Cossacks took the city in 1648. Followed by the Swedes in 1704. Austria got the town in 1772, then Russia occupied it in 1914-15. There was a brief Ukrainian interlude in 1918, before the Poles took it back. The Soviets seized the city in 1939, and then in 1941 the Germans came. After the war, the border shifted and the city became part of the Soviet Ukraine. Poles seeking to keep their Polish citizenship had to go out. Among those who fled with not so much as a suitcase, Dobrowolski's parents, whose family now in Lwów were many generations deep. His voice goes thick with emotion when he describes what they lose—perhaps explaining why he is so determined now to get something of Lwów back for Poland.

When Hitler's troops marched into Lwów, they brought his conservative ideology. Grabbing art deemed temporarily German—and Diener easily qualified—was Nazi policy. Göring's handwritten order to his agent, Müllermann, to take the Lubomirski drawings has survived. The National Gallery has a copy of that note, provided by the Poles with the extensive documentation of their claim. Once he got the Diener drawings, Hitler said to have kept them in his office. Why, given what is known about how they left their rightful home, is it not obvious that the drawings should now be given back?

The globe-writer is that they already were. At the end of the war, the Allies found the Diener drawings with

Dobrowolski says his country's claim to Nade got back in Prince Lubomirski, a child model for paintings like *Capod* (appears) who grew up to collect Diener and other artists

a cache of 88-gem treasure the Nazis had hidden in an Austrian salt mine. "A very interesting joke of history," notes Dobrowolski. "The Lubomirski family made their fortune in 16th-century Poland in the salt business." The National Gallery's Thiéberge explains that the formal policy of the Allies was to return looted property to the countries from which the Nazis had taken it. But that did not happen in this case. "Dörflinger," Thiéberge says, "that the relationship between the United States and Communist Poland was not so warm." U.S. officials decided to give the drawings to Prince Georg Lubomirski, a descendant of Prince Henryk, who was living at the time in Switzerland and the French Riviera.

Dobrowolski says there was never any chance of the disappeared artworks returning to his homeland. "First of all, he was arrested for cash," the ambassador says. "Second, Poland was overrun by the Communists, and somebody like him would not escape going back anything—consequently was taken to him." The stolen Prince Georg sold the drawings, most of them to the venerable London art dealer Colnaghi in 1954. He died in 1978.

In the mid-1950s, Toronto mining magnate Joseph Harthorn bought *Nude Woman with a Staff*. Harthorn's life story is at a pace with the rest of the tale of the Lubomirski Dürer. Born in Latvia in 1899, he immigrated with his family to Brooklyn as a child. At 16, he became a stockbroker on Wall Street. At 18, he acquired his first works of art: two Diener engravings. In 1933, Harthorn was drawn to Toronto by the prospect of promoting mining. He made a small fortune in gold, then a very large one as financier to Ontario's burgeoning uranium mining industry. His art collection grew with his wealth. But despite those first two Diener engravings, Harthorn's passion was for the modern, which may explain why he was inclined to donate his Diener drawing to the National Gallery rather than cover it for himself. "The bulk of his huge collection, including major works by Picasso, Matisse and Moore, went to Washington's Smithsonian Institution in the late-1960s. Harthorn died in 1981."

From the onset, the National Gallery knew the Diener Diener drawing from Harthorn had once been in Nazi hands. But the fact that it had been returned to Prince Georg Lubomirski after the war seemed to have erased that stain. Thiéberge says it was

not until after the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, when art archives in Eastern Europe were opened to international scholars, that the more complete story of wartime looting began to be re-examined. Two influential books on the subject appeared, *The Rape of Europe* in 1995 and *The Last Museum* in 1998. Then came the Washington conference in 1998, and museum directors were suddenly taking the subject seriously. Thiéberge served notice of his willingness to give up treasures earlier this year when the National Gallery returned to China a Buddhist figure that had been stolen—nobody is sure when—from a cave temple.

Thiéberge will not say how he plans to advise his board of trustees next week on what to do with the Diener. Along with the drawing's involved saga, there are technicalities of some importance. He has tracked the sales that governed the old Osoliński

foundation. His understanding is due the original agreement between the two 19th-century aristocrats stipulated that if the museum was dissolved and not reconstructed within 50 years, then Prince Henryk's descendants could take back his collection. The 50 years certainly had not passed when Prince Georg Lubomirski removed the drawings in the early days of the Cold War. What's more, in 1995 the Polish government reconstructed the Osoliński manor, now based in Wrocław, less than five decades after it had effectively disappeared as an independent entity. "The claim took the 50-year rule seriously," says Thiéberge. "They are systematically working the veins of these drawings."

But Thiéberge is not primarily concerned about such details. "In order to make a restitution of art looted during the war, it is only a matter of ethics, not a legal obligation," he says. "There are no court cases. Nobody is suing anybody." Asked to characterize Poland's position, Dobrowolski agrees it is an appeal to conscience, not a demand based on any law. "Obviously, my position precludes any possibility of putting any pressure on the gallery," he says, choosing his words carefully. "If I harbor any hope, it is that the board of trustees will make the decision to return it. Ottawa has been the first place to be as open as this, and this is extremely praiseworthy."

How the other major museums in the United States and Europe holding Lubomirski Dürer would react if the Poles succeed in Canada is another for conjecture. "We do have an inquiry from



Photo: Artforum



# Art of Contention

Galleries are combing through their collections to look for works that might rightfully belong elsewhere



STILL LIFE WITH FRUIT AND GAME by Pieter Seydewitz

A shadow of suspicion hangs over some of the finest paintings, prints and sculptures in the world's most prestigious museums and art galleries. Could they be Nazi plunder, looted from museums, marched from victims pressured to sell or unreasonably low prices or stolen from homes—often those of Jews sent off to concentration camps? In recent years, the question has taken on new urgency as survivors and heirs have gone to court to reclaim their lost property. Now, institutions are combing through their collections, carefully checking the ownership records, or provenance. It's a delicate issue. Museums do

not want to imply that donors acted in bad faith. Nor does inclusion on a list of works with incomplete ownership records compiled by a major institution mean a work was stolen—gaps in so-called provenance are commonplace. No museum can—or would—ignore the right to return. Not plunder. But there is no consensus on historical and original art and artifacts acquired under the dubious moral values of an earlier era.

A few weeks that have been, or still are, in contention:

• In 1999, The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts shipped the *Morning After at Goss* by Italian Renaissance artist Giorgio Vasari to the Budapest



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David Logan, CFP  
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## On Snow Shovels and Other Essential Financial Instruments.

There are a lot of ways to build your present and future retirement incomes and David Logan, CFP, manager of the Royal Bank in Erin, Ontario, is qualified to discuss the particular benefits of every category of savings and investment instruments. The snow shovel, probably one with a steel blade, may be his personal favorite. Mostly because it has very efficiently cleared the way for customers who took the first step in financial planning: they went to see Dave.

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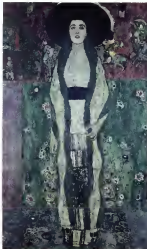


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## COVER



PORTRAIT OF ADELE BLOCH-BAUER II by Gustav Klimt



FIGURE OF DIONYSUS from the Elgin Marbles



MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA by Giorgio Vasari

Museum of Fine Arts, as a "gesture of goodwill." In 1963, the Montreal museum purchased the work, recently valued at about \$900,000, from the daughter of a Hungarian collector who bought it from a government-run gallery two years earlier. The Hungarian government insists the painting were missing during the Second World War.

• The British Museum continues to raise a campaign to return the Elgin Marbles, sculptures and fragments of the frieze from the Parthenon, to Greece. British diplomat Lord Elgin removed the Marbles between 1801 and 1803, and in 1816 they were installed in the British Museum in London.

• Last November, Washington's National Gallery of Art agreed to return *Self-Portrait with Front and Back*, a painting by 17th-century Flemish artist Pieter Seysens, to descendants of the original owner. The heirs want the work, which had likely been confiscated by the Nazis from the Stern collection in Paris, through the gallery's Web site.

• The National Gallery of Canada has a chance to display one of Gustav Klimt's most famous paintings, *Woman with Hat and Feather Bow*, in its current showcase of the celebrated Viennese artist after heirs of Hermine Lauer, whose art collection was seized by Nazis in 1938, recently claimed it. Last month, the Austrian National Gallery in Vienna signed an agreement to return the portrait to the family. Several other Klimt currently in Austrian state museums (including *Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer II*) are also claimed by the heirs of depolished Jewish owners.

• In 1997, the National Gallery of Canada discovered that the Nazis had forcibly taken *Stress*, a 16th-century oil painting by German master Lucas Cranach, from Dutch art dealer Ernst Prohl. However, the museum later learned that Prohl had recovered the work after the war, selling it to another dealer who in turn sold it to the National Gallery.

Sharon Doyle Driscoll



James Deacon

## A plea for open ice

The just-finished Stanley Cup final had great potential. It had the raw power of Joe Sakic, Rob Blake and Patrick Roy on the Colorado side, and the underappreciated brilliance of Patrick Elias, Tom Sychora and Brian Rafanelli from New Jersey. It had by far the most skilled series in the National Hockey League, and the fastest outside of Edmonton. And by the time the colorful *Avantgarde* players skated around the Pepsi Center ice with the Cup over their heads, the series was responsible for enough broken teeth and scratched chairs to qualify among the fiercest of fests. So do the ruckus scores pile, ferocious defencemen, game-saving goaltenders, gritty grinders and a completely unpredictable tide and flow of momentum that sent the series to the limit. It should have added up to be one for the ages.

It didn't. Despite all those advantages and the cat-and-mouse drama of a sudden-death finale, the seven games that resulted in Colorado's stirring victory fell short of what they could have been. The level of play was routinely average, particularly as the series wore on. It's just that the average was dragged down by the early games, during which the two teams scored more runs on not losing than on finding ways to win. Patents could revel in the statistics of line matchups and phantom figures, but there were too few offensive explosions to satisfy most fans' last fix-and-end action.

Inside the game, coaches and managers and even graphic players say that's the way they have to play to win. But given the talent available, it could have been so much more if the coaches had let the players open it up. On paper at least, New Jersey and Colorado are the best two teams to play for the Cup in more than a decade. It's been 12 years since the No. 1 teams from the respective conferences actually played in the final (Calgary versus Montreal in 1985). And the last true two dynamic teams met was when the New York Islanders defeated the Edmonton Oilers in 1983 (the Islanders won their fourth straight Cup) and 1984 (the Oilers won their first of five in seven years).

Longtime observers say it's impossible to compare teams from era to era. Dick Irvin, the insightful analyst for CBC who covered the Montreal Canadiens before retiring three years ago, said it was too difficult to even pick a best-of-all-time unit. But he did propose a fantasy Stanley Cup—those last-70s Canadiens against Wayne Gretzky's mid-1980s Edmonton Oilers. "Now that," Irvin said, "is a series I'd happily try to see." The difference today, he says, is analytics. Great teams are usually built over time, yet free agency and payroll problems make it difficult for modern franchises to keep their interest intact. "There were 16 guys who played on all four of

Montreal's Stanley Cup teams in the late-1970s," Irvin says. "Four years from now, you'll have 14 guys and on the New Jersey Devils who played there last year."

Devils coach Larry Robinson, who was a star defenceman on that great Hab team, felt the impact of roster changes from last year's team. Confoundingly, this year's Devils seemed to lose their focus and fell behind in three out of four playoff rounds before pulling together and moving back. The 2000 team was more consistent, he says, and one of the missing ingredients from that squad was Claude Lemieux, the gritty winger who left and signed as a free agent with Phoenix. "A guy like Claude is so important to have," Robinson said. "I don't think he had his best playoff series last year as far as goal production is concerned, but he's a guy who brings something—he keeps everyone honest, on their toes."

By today's standards, though, the Devils and *Avantgarde* have done better than most at holding on to their core players. And while neither team rises to the conventional measure of dynasty—more than two Cup titles in a row—they're not consensus wonders either. Jersey won its first Cup in 1995, Colorado won the year after that, and both have been contenders ever since. In today's NHL, that's as close to long-term dominance as any team is likely to get. And any close examination of game tapes reveals an uncomfortable truth: compared with the series that ended Saturday

night, the play in the early 1980s was fairly sloppy. "These guys today have sophisticated defensive systems and offensive schemes," says TV analyst John Davidson, who traded goal for St. Louis and the New York Rangers from 1973 to 1983. "When I played, you hardly ever heard about any of that."

The biggest change, though, is in the athletes themselves. Modern players are bigger, stronger, faster and faster, and more of them now come from different countries with different approaches to the game. "People say the game was better 20 years ago," Wayne Gretzky once told *McDonald's*, "but I don't know whose they are coming from. There were 15 guys on my team when I broke in who could not make the team today."

What the Devils and *Avantgarde* lacked—and what would have made this last series so much more exciting—was space. The players cover more ice in less time, leaving precious little room to make plays. The ice surfaces are no longer sufficient to allow the kind of flow that old-time hockey enjoyed. But given that most NHL cities now have relatively new arenas built to the old dimensions, the banger-or-style-of-play will not go away in a hurry. That's too bad, because teams that are as good as the ones that played for the Cup this year deserve better. Hockey fans do, too.



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# MoneySense

for Canadians who want more

By Brian D. Johnson

It's not a good time to be a grown-up teenager. As summer approaches, the multiplex arena seems to be narrowing down to two options: movies about animals and movies about machines. Everywhere you turn, the screen is overrun with critters or computers or computer-generated critters. Any Hollywood ace who wants work must be prepared to engage in an inter-species relationship—either with actual insects or artificial intelligence.

Leading off the summer's insect flicks is *The Beekeeper*, in which Rob Schneider plays a nookie cop who goes hard after a Frankenstein doctor transplants his organs with parts from a genetic roach. Next, we can look forward to Eddie Murphy playing straight man to a maniac of talking animals in *Dr. Doolittle 2* and a man-made of warring machine parts in *Can of Worms*. Bill Murray pops up as a snakekeeper in *Greenland*. A cow flies into a worldfield in *For Rose*. And dinosaurs run riot in *Jurassic Park III*.



On the cyber side of the evolutionary scale, we've already seen fleets of computer-generated warplanes whizzing around. *Star Wars*-style, in *Star Wars*, Jude Law plays a cyborg. *Planet of the Apes* is Steven Spielberg's A.C. And video-game bionics come to life in both *Tomb Raider* and *Final Fantasy: The Spirits Within*. The trailer for *Final Fantasy*—a movie of computer-generated humans who look visually real—hints that "nothing can prepare you for when the next evolution in today will take you."

If *Evolution* is any indication, it may be taking us back to a stage of infantile regression—*Evolution* would be a more fitting title. With this sci-fi comedy, Canadian director James Cameron contributes his most popular franchise, *Glossaries*, and grafts the concept onto a *Men in Black* tale of alienism using the planet from outer space. *X-Files* icon David Duchovny is a secret sci-fi-discovered scientist who hopes to reinvent his career when he discovers a colony of extraterrestrial life-forms that have looked from

# DUMB 'N' DUMBER



## AS SUMMER APPROACHES, THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF CRITTERS, COMPUTERS, CRASHING CARS AND CARNAL HACKERS

a fallen messiah in Arizona. Evolving at miraculous speed, the creature mutates from one-cell organisms to large, rampaging beasts.

Orlando Jones plays Duchovny's sidekick, a dumb, oversexed professor who behaves like a smiling, rimmed shot of cypripedium black-scorpions. Santa William Scott does dumb-dumb drivel in an inspiring, frenetic. And Johnson Moore has a flawless role as the silver chick in the clubhouse, a beauty but klutzy scientist.

*Evolution* is fun for a while, as we are introduced to more breeds of insect-like space creatures. It's like watching a kiddie Cronenberg film, ordering *Naked Lunch* from the children's menu. But as the critters evolve into monstrous, the movie soon devolves into ecological ome. The two big gags both involve rural probes—of the Jones character, and later of a giant alien life-form (*Evolution's* equivalent to *Glossaries'* Stay Puff Marshmallow Man). In the final act, Dan Aykroyd, the brains behind *Glossaries*, drops by to play a gaudy politician. But his cameo only reminds us how far Cameron has strayed from the innocent and suburban irony that made *Glossaries* so likable.

**Swindish**, despite the title, is not an animal picture. It's slick, any machine of an animal movie that is not as smart as it pretends to be. It's seriously glib—a variation off the top, with a comic monologue from John Turturro, cut to Gabriel Byrne, a vigilante bent on looting billions via cyberspace to finance a private anti-terrorist army. "You know what the problem with Hollywood is?" he begins. "They make sure 'Shaw gonna to deliver an elaborate critique of *Day After Tomorrow*, then wipe back into his own teenage drama, which culminates in a massive explosion—a slow-motion pan of bodies suspended in midair that may well sink as the most beautiful explosion ever filmed."

*Swindish* never regains the thrill of that opening sequence, although there are generous compensations. One is Australian bank Hugh Jackman, a young *Mid* Gibson, who looks good with his shirt off. He plays the lean, Stanley, a gentle hacker fresh out of jail who is hired by Shaw—and is put to the test by being

forced to type very fast while being followed by a perfect stranger. The other attraction is Halle Berry, cast as the villain's partner, who also looks good with her then off. Turturro, meanwhile, plays another of his Scientological supernovas, a high-tech Headlin who leaps vanishing through loopholes in a stretchy plot. "He exists in a world beyond your world," a character informs us. No kidding. In the end, for all its cyberpunk mumbo jumbo, *Swindish* depends on low-tech or cheap and gimmicks—embracing the conventions it promises to subvert.

After seeing two merry muses about adolescent men getting



*Swindish* doesn't quite live up to its promise, while *Evolution* (opposite) shreds its coded *Evolution*

spending a night with people who are rich, rich, cool, cute and obviously self-absorbed. They play cartoonish games of chance. They embrace each other with the sort of confidence you never hear outside California. And in a lot of scenes are posed around, the warty huffies into comic mind-erase and sobbing calamity.

The scars are a pleasure to watch. With her complete smile and wounded eyes, Jason Leigh is, as always, the dandy, damaged blond. Cumming, who looks like a soldier, frustrated Tim Roth, gals about in a sexually ornate, minimalist, an Englishman into jelly body state of sexual development. *The Assassination Party* Hollywood disaster may be no more evolved than *Evolution's* space movie. But at least they're engaging, conventionalists. ■

# Poetry in Motion



By JOHN BEMROSE

The crowd in the downtown Toronto nightclub was on its feet cheering. The man behind the microphone, 62-year-old insurance Scout Griffin, attempted to escape the applause with shy nods of his boyish mop of hair. He was there last week to announce that the evening belonged to the poets, beneficiaries of the Griffin Poetry Prize. But his audience of 300 wasn't going to forgo the chance to thank the man whose generosity had given Canada its newest and most lucrative literary award. In fact, judged by dollar value, the annual \$80,000 Griffin is now the world's premier international poetry prize. A few minutes later, Griffin presented the first

check for \$40,000 to Montreal poet and classical scholar Anne Carson, 50, winner of the Canadian section of the award for her book *Moon in the Off Hours*. Clearly flabbergasted, the normally eloquent Car-

**A lucrative prize may train the public eye on the most ignored of arts**

son could only manage at first a glib "Shesh!" Then she added: "No kind of word by the caliber of the competition. This is the kind of event that poets would say makes the world more just."

The poets, publishers and hangers-on sitting at the candlelit tables might not have known exactly what she meant, but they roared their approval anyway. Justice for their ancient art form was in the air. After many years in which media attention—and the public gaze—have been turned mainly on novelists and short-story writers, the focus had swung, at least temporarily, to poetry. Soon afterward, the international prize, also worth \$40,000, was awarded to Gilbert Sleg, 70, from the Paul Celan, translated from the German by the American husband-and-wife team Heather McHugh and Nikolaus Poppe.

It was an evening brimming with celebrity as Margaret Atwood, Michael



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Peter Jacobson and local hero Garth Joseph. During our tournament's six-year run, we've raised over \$3 million for children's charities. And with this year's line-up, the turn out is bound to be bigger than ever. It's a rare opportunity to walk with a legend and see golf in a whole new way. As a team sport.

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Ondra, Anne Michaels and other literary stars circulated among the high-spirited crowd. The atmosphere was marked only briefly when comedian Scott Thompson of Koda in the Hall fame, who as master of ceremonies dressed himself in long underwear, delivered a string of dirty limericks loud enough to draw a surprised and disapproving look from the audience. "Why did you ask me? You could have asked Rick Moranis!" But it was a loud crowd to represent half of them talked noisily through a short performance by the Tragically Hip's Gordon Downie.

By offering such a lucrative prize—and thus generating a high media profile—the Griffin should lend poetry much more legitimacy among a public to whom it is scarcely more visible than Morris dancing. Many who have never taken a serious look at the art might well be induced to give it a try. At least that's the hope of the dapper, quietly intense man who, by the time the award is fully endowed, will have forked over \$4 million. Scott Griffin has made a fortune with his company Advance Precision Ltd., which manufactures car parts and General Motors Engineering Corp., which makes shock absorbers for high-speed trains (he is chairman and majority shareholder of both companies). But neither so many of Canada's rich—who have tended to donate less to cultural and charitable causes than their counterparts in the United States—he has filled his life with more than stacking the bottom line.

As an adventurer, Griffin has flown his private Cessna 180 across the Atlantic, as a philanthropist, he's given many millions of aid to the Nairobi-based African Medical and Research Foundation. And he's a lifelong poetry lover. In fact, Griffin speaks of poetry as if it were a precious national resource, one he felt as important in its way as oil or gold. During an interview in his Riverside home, decorated with African and Maori masks, he declares: "Poetry can open up all sorts of wonderful dimensions for the personality. But as meaningful as it's been for me, I realized it wasn't for many

## Books

### 'POETRY OPENS UP ALL SORTS OF DIMENSIONS FOR THE PERSONALITY'

of the people I bumped into. There were too many of them missing this valuable thing, so I started to wonder what I could do to make it profile."

In dollar value at least, the Griffin outshines all Canada's other annual literary awards, including the \$25,000 Giller Prize for fiction. The Griffin is also larger than any international poetry prize given for a single book (the \$1.4-million Nobel is presented for a lifetime's work, and is more commonly given to novelists than poets). The supporting fund is administered by Griffin and several trustees, all writers, including Atwood, Michael Ondaatje, David Young and the American poet Robert Hass.



The Griffin and Forché (right) celebrate her prize

Certainly, Griffin's love of poetry had an origin in the rebellious childhood. As a way of punishing his five children, Griffin's father, Tony, owner of a Toronto investment firm, used to send them up to their rooms to memorize some passage of poetry usually from the *Romances*. "It was quite wonderful, really," Griffin recalls. "We and my father would get so involved in choosing and learning the poems that the background got lost somewhere in the background." Later, with his own family—Griffin has three children from an earlier marriage and one with his jewelry-designer wife, Krystene—poetry assumed a prominent place, especially at Christmas, when an oral reading of T.S. Eliot's "Journey of the Magi" became a tradition.

It sounds old-fashioned and even

quaint—a firmly reining the defiant side of man's mind that has sought poetry into a remote corner of the national consciousness. The Griffin remains adamant that poetry is not some picturesque relic, but a valuable tool for meeting the challenges of our speedy, overly aestheticized age. He insists it can help mould character and exercise the imagination—a faculty he notes is as important for a businessman as for an artist. "We make a mistake by isolating things in airtight compartments. Poetry belongs more in the mainstream—not just the mainstream of our cultural lives, but of our lives period."

A traveler whose home is filled with souvenirs—amber beads the size of filled balls and a huge vessel made from a caribou stomach—Griffin says he is particularly excited by the international aspect of the prize. This has been enhanced by the annual ceremonial dinner to open the competition translations from other languages. "Some people think translations belong to a category of their own," he says, "but without them they would just be noise for a few English-language countries." This year, the finalists in the international category included two translations: the winning bookend poem *Shards* by Annette, translated by Chana Bloch and Chana Kronfeld. The other finalist in the category were *Social Photo* by American Penny Howe, and *Learning Home* by Australian Les Murray.

The best Canadian book of poems is also eligible for the international prize. But this year, the judges—poets Carolyn Forché from the United States, Canadian Denise Lee and Paul Muldoon from Northern Ireland—decided that none of the three nominees qualified. In addition to Carson's books, they also included *Nova Vita* by the Afghan-born, translations from the Hindi by Robert Bringham, and *Another* by Geny by David McKay. If these were any ruffled feathers in this occasion, they weren't on display at the celebratory party, where poets gazed past midnight. For once, the practitioners at what is arguably the most difficult and the most ignored of the arts held the spotlight, and they weren't about to give up anything right any sooner than they had to. **B**

Forché  
Carolyn Forché

## Entertainment Notes

Edited by Susan Galt



### TOO MUCH MONTY, TOO LITTLE HEART

The film was British, whimsical and funny. Now the full story is a heavy-handed in the style of Broadway—what it's been a hit for some months before opening last week in Toronto. The setting has been changed to Italy, but the story about a gang of unemployed thugs who take up slapping remains pretty much the same.

With book by Terence McNally (Macmillan, \$25)

John Boninno

### YOUNG WIZARDS OF THE WORD

While other kids are stuck at the August short camp, and so do woodsmen, Grade 6 students Neilson comes by to be writing. He plans to join some 150 Vancouver-area children, aged nine to 18, in a week-long Canadian Book Camp for aspiring authors. "It's mostly a poetry writing," says Neilson of suburban Surrey. "It's beyond words, it's really challenging." Another boy who will attend the day camp, nine-year-old Eli Holter, is a suburban-bound. "Writing rocks," he told organizers in an e-mail. "I'm working on a story called 'Shall We?'"

That's Harry Potter for writing the magic of the printed word. Joy Gargles, editorial



Neilson will spend August writing

director of fiction for Vancouver's Raincoast Books—Canadian publisher of the bookhouses series and a sponsor of the camp—says the idea grew from the prepubescent manuscripts that arrived on his desk in the wake of Harry. "I had so many e-mails from kids who had written notes. The gas writers this story about a shark attack, can you publish me?" Writing an encouraging rejection letter didn't quite seem enough.

Five published writers, including Andrea Spalding and W.D. Valdesolo, will help the young people hone their craft. "It will be wonderful," says Neilson. "I'd love to share my ideas with other people."



The digression of a surgeon

### CIRCUVENTING A BROKEN BRAIN

The ride may sound ap-  
parent, but *Breakaway*—  
A Tale of Two Surveys is a no-  
pat, feel-good story. Instead,  
Matthew Webb's award-winning  
short one-hour documentary  
about head injury victims—  
 airing June 17 on CTV—is  
an unflinching portrayal of  
life after tragedy. Doug  
Rafuse, now 44, spent 10  
years in various Nova Scotia  
health-care facilities after a  
1984 car accident left the  
tradesman, a father of three,  
profoundly disabled. Then he  
met Robert Hesman, now  
33, who had overcome the  
near-fatal brain injury he'd  
suffered while playing hockey  
as a teenager. A year later,  
the two men moved into a  
house together, with Hesman  
as Rafuse's dedicated  
personal attendant and re-  
lentless cheer, determined  
that his charge would walk  
again. The documentary  
heartbreakingly juxtaposes  
Hesman's near-religious  
conviction with the flagging  
spirit of Rafuse (after five  
years under Hesman's care,  
he made significant  
progress, but still couldn't  
walk on his own). Gritty  
and astringent, *Breakaway*  
explores the loving friend-  
ship between the two men,  
while questioning how  
much Hesman's doggedness  
has helped Rafuse.

Susan Olt



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## Entertainment NEWS

### Death by misadventure

One of the worst disasters in ocean racing began on Boxing Day, 1998, as 115 yachts—bearing the blues of American software billionaire Larry Ellison and Lockheed Martin's son and heir to media baron Rupert



—bobbed in Sydney Harbour. Less than 24 hours after the 1,800-km race to Hobart on the island of Tasmania began, when G. Bruce Knack in *The Flying Grouse* (left), ferocious winds and 25-m waves shredded the fleet, killing six men. Knack's tale of ego and competitiveness also has elements of tragic fate. When the Australian weather bureau upgraded its advisory from "gale" to "severe"—in effect, a cyclone warning—many men, especially foreigners, took it as a *sign* and blithely sailed on.

### Best-Sellers

- | Fiction   | POWELL & COY. |
|---|---------------|
| 1. <i>THE HUNTER</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)           | 1             |
| 2. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 2             |
| 3. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 3             |
| 4. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 4             |
| 5. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 5             |
| 6. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 6             |
| 7. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 7             |
| 8. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 8             |
| 9. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 9             |
| 10. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C) | 10            |

### Nonfiction

- |   |    |
|---|----|
| 1. <i>THE HUNTER</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)           | 1  |
| 2. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 2  |
| 3. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 3  |
| 4. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 4  |
| 5. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 5  |
| 6. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 6  |
| 7. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 7  |
| 8. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 8  |
| 9. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C)  | 9  |
| 10. <i>THE NAME OF THE DOG</i> (Michael Ondaatje) (C) | 10 |

(C) Canada's Book Review

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Allan Fotheringham

## The patron saint

And so, you see, the other night some 16 of the usual suspects gathered at the 300-anniversary Club in Ottawa to honour, invoke and greet George Birt, the patron saint of all Canadian newspaper columnists. He was about to be greeted with an Order of Canada, along with a group that included, among other worthies, a woman who gives out sex tips on television. Such is life.

George now lives in Mahone Bay, a lovely spot in Nova Scotia, which is just down the drag from Chester, which is just down the drag from Halifax. Chester, the resort of many Toronto folks, is composed of large wooden mansions, built by the folks of Philadelphia and New York City back in the days before air-conditioning was invented and they had to escape the stifling summer heat of the eastern seaboard. Such is life. I digress.

George Birt is, it is impossible in dress to always be adorned for years the concise oblong columns at the bottom of the editorials of *The Globe and Mail* of Toronto. Some editors, for some strange reason, do not understand that readers are creatures of habit—they want their favourites in the same place, same space, every day I digress. You always know where George was.

He, I suspect while following Diefenbaker on the campaign trail, found a little town called Lulac, Sask. And on idle days when the Ottawa politicians pulled, would pen this column with Clem the grocery owner picking his teeth with a toothpick while sitting in the barber's shop with the blacksmith and on Sunday night would go around to the butcher to watch him slice meat, that being the main entertainment. As I grew up (never, since would say) in a small Sask. town, I can vouch that he had to be bang on.

Lulac is a tiny southern Prairie town called Crocus. There is another small town, over near the Alberta border, with the name of Crocus. It used to have a small paper. The name of the paper, and I am not making this up, was *The Weekly Crocus*. I digress.

George is a man of some recidivism. He did not consort with politicians so much as observe and assess them. One day, as the pre-eminence columnist in his land, he was granted an exclusive interview with the prime minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, in no less than 24 Sussex Drive. The prime minister



him picked up George and the PM on Parliament Hill and George—no longer at the arrogant demeanor of his backbone patron, halfway to the residence—asked the limo driver to stop. And he got out.

It reminds me of James (Scotty) Remon, then the bureau chief of *The New York Times* in Washington. It came to his attention that the new, brassy John Kennedy administration was treating his large staff with some condescension. Scotty picked up the phone and called the White House. "Mr. President," he said, "we've been around here a long time before you arrived and we're going to be here a long time after you're left." The lofty attitude ceased.

George was (is) an immensely modern man. I had read him for years when someone mentioned he had a very good wit. He never wrote a word about it. On examination, it turns out he joined the RCMP at 20; he didn't even have a driver's license, but he became a bomber pilot in 1942. Flew 34 missions, bombing targets in Germany, France, Italy and North Africa. Participated in the invasion of Sicily, the Allied first counterattack after Montgomery bottled the Desert Fox Rommel at El Alamein.

George was the first person to put the dreaded F-word into Canadian newspapers after P. Trudeau "cheated": he had just aimed "fuddle-duddle" in an opposition MP sent in a column to Washington by the *Globe*; he arrived the same time as Kennedy and learned immediately all these very current stories about JFK and his doings. George went to Merriman Smith, bureau chief of United Press International and dean of the White House press corps. Smith was in the lead press or right behind JFK in Dallas and filed the first dispatch on his death.

George explained he was just a little innocent from Canada and could all these rumours about the president be true? Merriman Smith replied: "Young man, this guy is going to do for f—g what Eisenhower did for golf."

Best story of the evening, as the wine flowed like glue, with at least four national columnists in the room, was about—once again—Scotty Remon. A postmaster's dispute shut down the *Times*, the world's best paper, for many months. One day, over lunch, Scotty moaned to his companions: "How can I know what I think until I can read what I wrote?" We all agree.

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